

★ FEATURING  
DICK COLE ★ BLUE BOLT

MAY



# BLUE BOLT

BLUE BOLT

10¢



4

VOL. 4, NO. 10





WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM



# YE EDITORS' PAGE

Dear Readers:

The Editors have written a long letter to you on this page for two issues, so this time they want to give most of the space to letters from all of you. The letters below are swell, but you will note that there are no brickbats hurled at BLUE BOLT. Believe it or not, gang, we haven't received any harsh words about BLUE BOLT for over a month. We sure are glad if you all think it is that good, but some of you must have some pet peeves, so be sure and tell us what they are. We can take the "bitter with the sweet" and like to have you air your honest-to-goodness opinions, no matter what they are.

Don't forget the scrap paper drive. The Editors are counting on BLUE BOLT readers to top the list of waste paper collectors.

Cordially yours,

THE EDITORS.

Dear Editors:

Of all the comics I've ever read there is no comic book I prefer more than BLUE BOLT COMICS. It has examples for little children as well as grown-ups.

My favorite strips are "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," "Sergeant Spook," "Fearless Fellers," and all of them except "Old Cap Hawkins." He is sometimes very interesting.

I help my mother at home and we buy War Bonds and Stamps very often. Three persons in my family buy bonds through the payroll savings plan and with the money left over from our budget we buy extra bonds.

Respectfully yours,  
Beatriz O. Vela,  
San Antonio, Texas.

Your family are buying bonds  
100%, Beatriz.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

I have read every issue of BLUE BOLT and think it is swell. The characters I like best are "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," "Sergeant Spook," "Fearless Fellers," and "Krisko and Jasper." I enjoyed reading "I Fly for Vengeance" and would like more stories like it.

For the war effort I am taking orders for defense stamps in my school. I already have one twenty-five dollar bond and have some stamps towards another which I hope to be able to buy very soon.

A faithful reader,  
Peter Nelson,  
Stamford, Connecticut.

Keep buying bonds, Peter, and don't forget to collect waste paper and fats.

Dear Editor:

I read many comic magazines, and one day I happened to see BLUE BOLT. I never dreamed there could be such a super book.

Now I save my money and buy War Stamps, because instead of buying all the other comics I buy BLUE BOLT since it has all the best stories in it. There is only one thing I want to criticize. You have many girl readers. I think they would appreciate it if you put stories about everyday girls in your BLUE BOLT. I'm sure they agree with me, don't you? But your BLUE BOLT is tops with me.

My favorite stories are "Sergeant Spook," "Fearless Fellers," "Edison Bell," "Dick Cole." In fact, all of them are good. Please keep up the good work.

Respectfully yours,  
Eleanor Sand,  
New York, New York.

We wonder how many readers want  
a girl story, Eleanor.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

The most interesting story in the January edition of BLUE BOLT was the true and thrilling story of Lt. Commander Clarence E. Dickinson. That story really showed what Americans are made of. After I finished with my comic, I sent it to my brother now serving in the U. S. Army. He enjoys BLUE BOLT COMICS very much. The story he likes best is "Dick Cole." But I have a different story which I enjoy more. It is "Edison Bell." I like it because it sets a good example that every American boy should follow. I buy war stamps every week because it will bring my brother home sooner. What I look for in a good story is adventure and

thrills and you'll find them all in BLUE BOLT. Take that story of the "Blue Bolt." There's a story for you. My last words to you editors is just keep BLUE BOLT COMICS coming off those presses as fast as you can print them.

Your regular reader,  
Earl C. Clayton  
Baltimore, Maryland.

Glad you like "I Fly for Vengeance," Earl. We are lining up other thrilling stories for you readers.

\* \* \*

Dear Editors:

This letter is to tell you what I think of BLUE BOLT, and what I do to help win the war.

I like "Dick Cole," "I Fly for Vengeance," "Edison Bell," "Krisko and Jasper," "Blue Bolt," "Blue Bolts and Nuts," and "Fearless Fellers" best. I think you improved "Krisko and Jasper" by making them Seabees. I believe that all comic books must have laughs, that's why I say keep "Krisko and Jasper" in. I also think you should have more stories like "I Fly for Vengeance" in your book. It shows us fellows and girls, too, that we are bound to win with heroes like Lt. Commander Dickinson. I have bought BLUE BOLT for one year and a half.

I buy stamps every week and have two bonds already. I am a member of the Jr. Red Cross and work every Monday.

Always a reader,  
Angelo Pastorino,  
San Francisco, California.

You didn't send your street address, Angelo. Be sure to do that so we can send you your War Stamps.

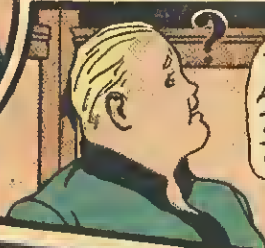
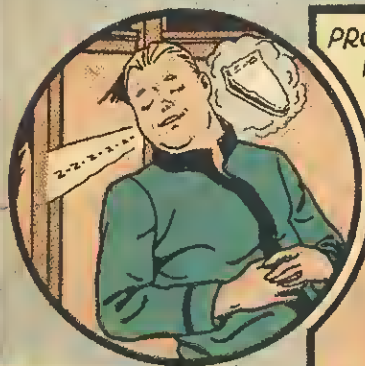
Address Your Mail to BLUE BOLT COMICS, 292 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

# DICK COLE



**EDDIE BROWN, STUDENT AT FARR MILITARY ACADEMY, HAD ONE CLAIM TO FAME—HIS ABILITY TO CONSUME A**

**PRODIGIOUS NUMBER OF PIES. OUR STORY OPENS WITH EDDIE, FULL OF CREAM PIES, ASLEEP IN A DARKENED BOOTH IN NICK'S EATERY, A RATHER DISREPUTABLE PLACE OUTSIDE OF HOPE-TON, BUT FAMOUS FOR ITS PASTRIES—AND PIES. . . . .**



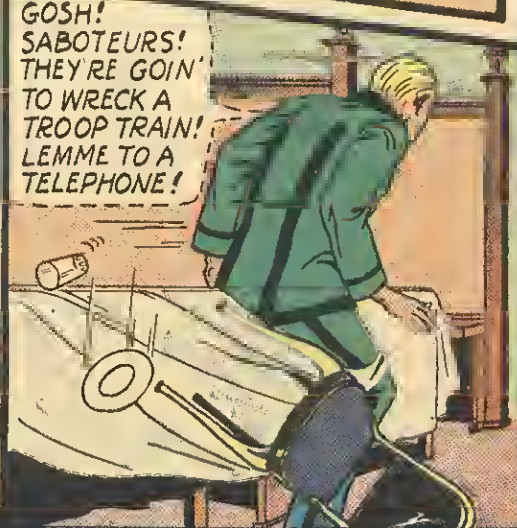
THE TROOP TRAIN IS DUE AT FARR JUNCTION AT 7.50. IT SHOULD REACH THE TRESTLE AT 8.10. SO WE HAVE TWO HOURS.

GOOT! VAT ISS YOUR BLAN DER TRAIN TO WRECK?

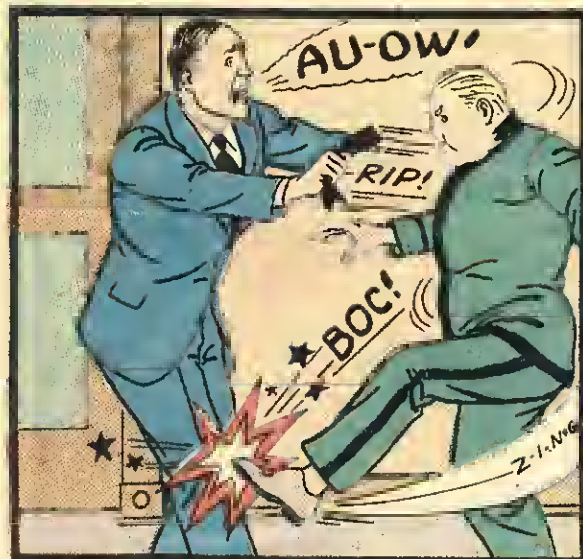
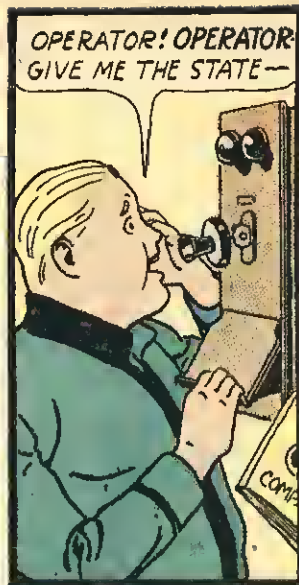
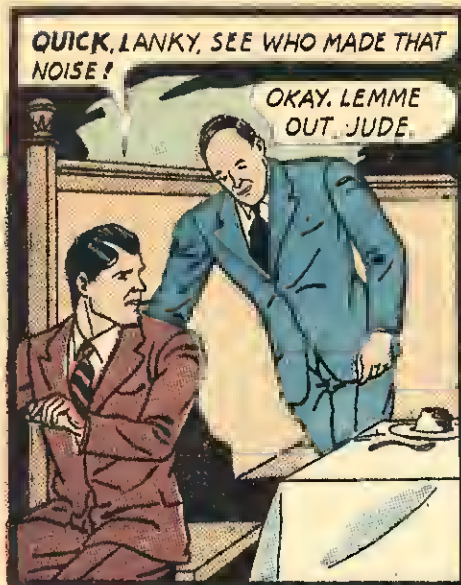
WE THREE GO TO THE SHACK. BILL GOES TO FARR JUNCTION. AS THE TRAIN APPROACHES THE JUNCTION, BILL PHONES US—WE BEAT IT TO THE TRESTLE WHERE A BIG OAK IS READY TO FALL, AND DROP THE OAK ACROSS THE TRACK. IT WILL FALL JUST BEYOND THE TRESTLE.

HA! UND VEN TRAIN DER OAK MEETS! —GO DER GENERAL UND SOLDIERS DAS WASSER IN! KAPUT!

GOSH! SABOTEURS! THEY'RE GOIN' TO WRECK A TROOP TRAIN! LEMME TO A TELEPHONE!











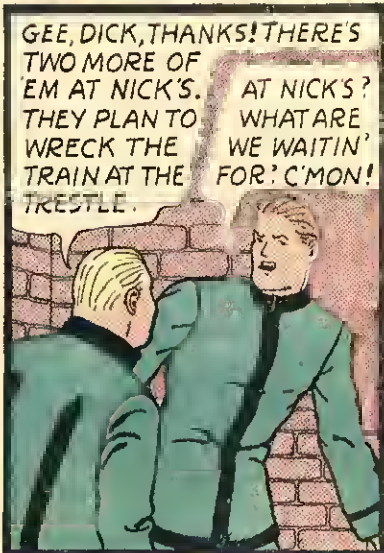
THANKS, BUDDY, FER CATCHIN' A DIRTY THIEF. C'MERE, YOU!



THIEF?! WHY THIS GUY IS A PAL OF MINE. BEAT IT, JERK- TWO OF A KIND, EH? WELL-



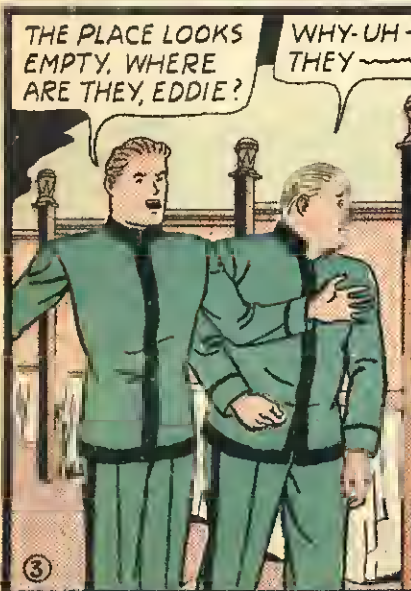
ZUC! OOF!



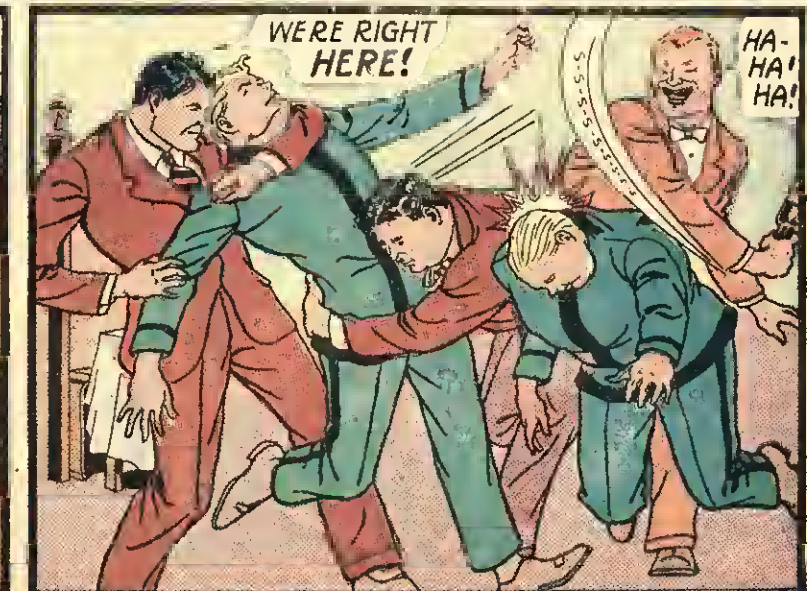
GEE, DICK, THANKS! THERE'S TWO MORE OF 'EM AT NICK'S. THEY PLAN TO WRECK THE TRAIN AT THE TRESTLE. AT NICK'S? WHAT ARE WE WAITIN' FOR? C'MON!



JUDE! THAT KID-A COMIN' BACK. GOT-A PAL WITH 'IM. OKAY, NICK. LET'S SURPRISE 'EM!



THE PLACE LOOKS EMPTY. WHERE ARE THEY, EDDIE? WHY-UH-THEY



WERE RIGHT HERE! HA-HA-HA!



DICK KICKS NICK AGAINST THE WALL AND IS FAST SUBDUING JUDE WHEN—



THAT BIRDS TOUGH! LOCK 'EM IN THE STORE ROOM, NICK, AND KEEP AN EYE ON THEM. I WONDER WHAT'S DE-LAYIN' LANKY? WE GOT TO GET GOIN'—



THE BOYS ARE LOCKED IN THE STORE ROOM AND THE SABOTEURS DEPART. SOMETIME

LATER—  
EDDIE! YOU ALL RIGHT? WHAT I'M OKAY—  
TIME IS IT? IT-IT'S 6.30.  
GEE! SUPPER TIME. WISH I HAD SOME CREAM PIE!

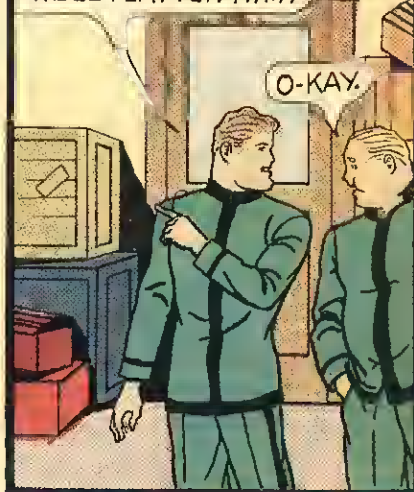


6.30!! WE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! LET'S HAVE A LOOK.

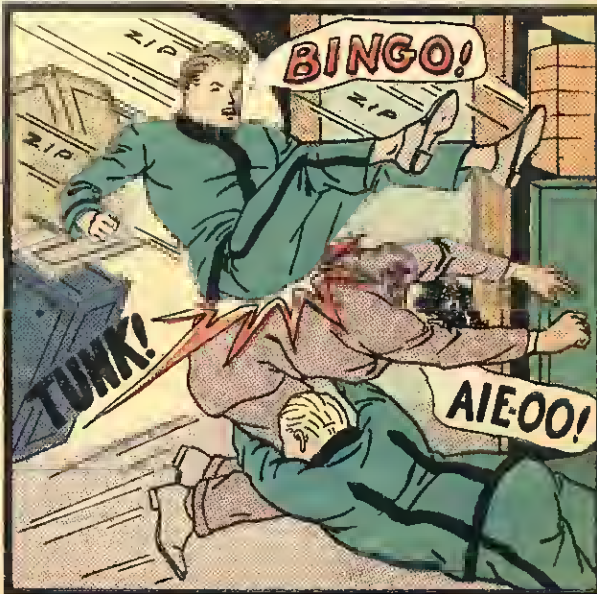


A THOROUGH SEARCH CONVINCES THEM THE DOOR IS THE ONLY EXIT.

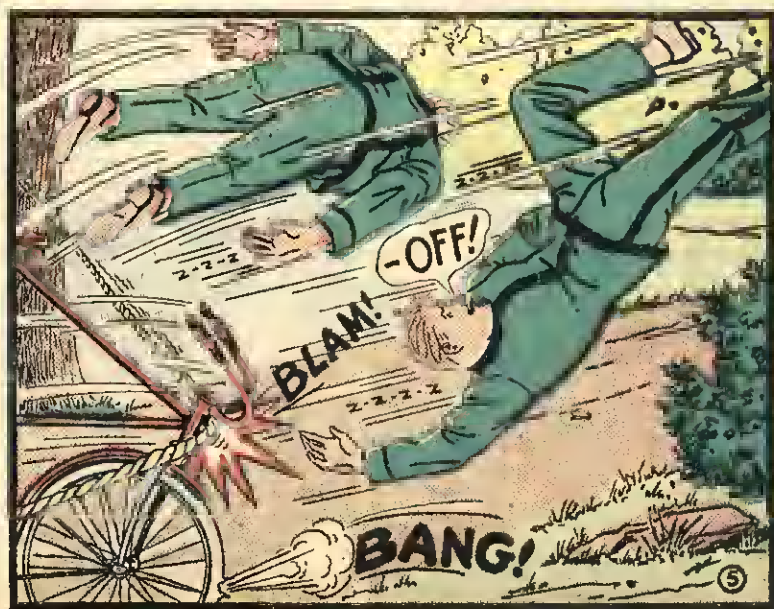
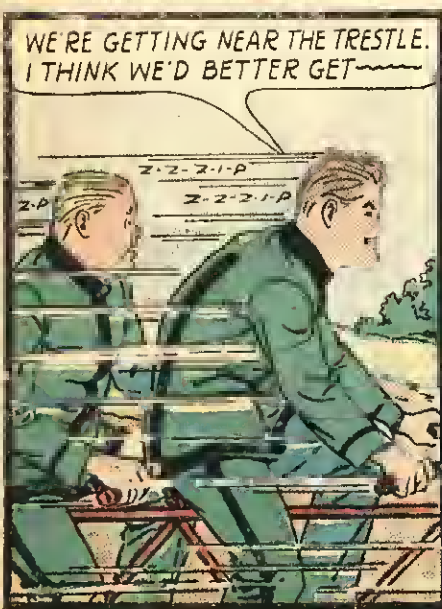
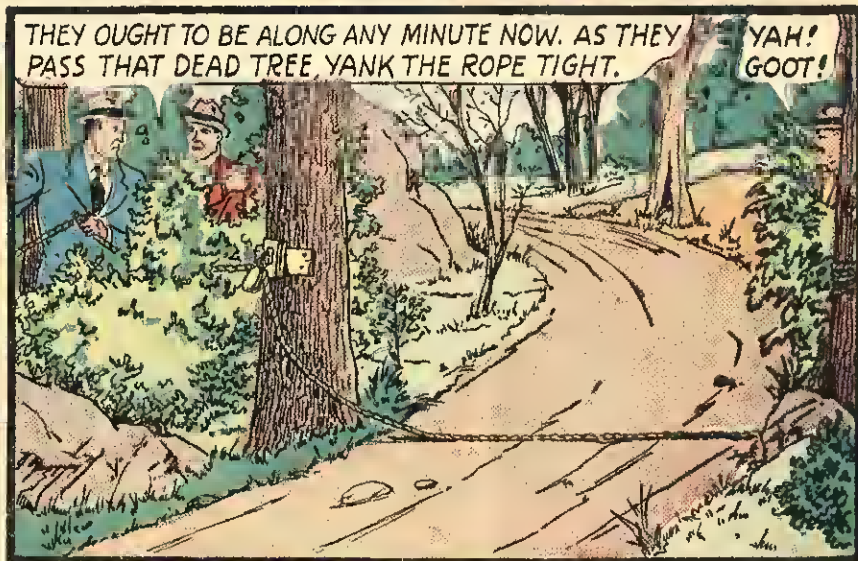
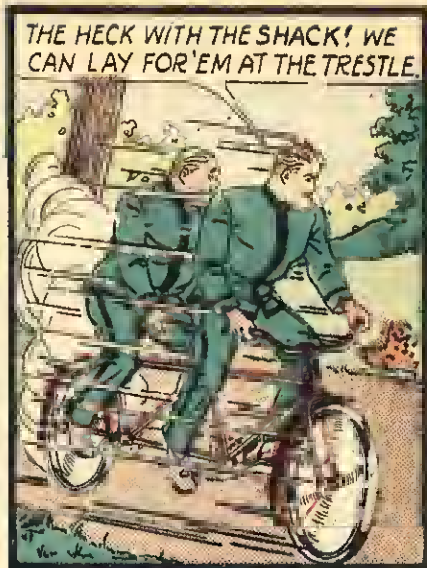
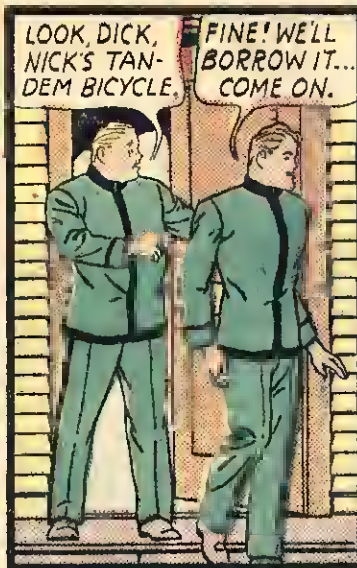
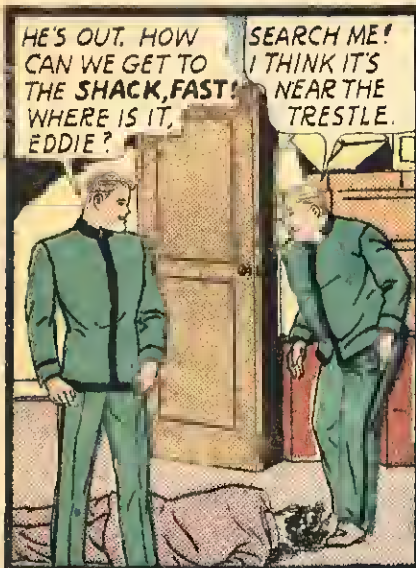
MAYBE THERE'S A GUARD. LOOK I'LL GET ON THOSE CASES, YOU GROAN, LOUD—AND IF SOME ONE COMES TO HELP YOU, WE'LL FLATTEN HIM!



NICK INVESTIGATES THE GROANING—  
WHATTA MAT WID YOU? HEY! WHERE DAT OTHER FELLA? WH—









WHEN DICK AND EDDIE COME TO-

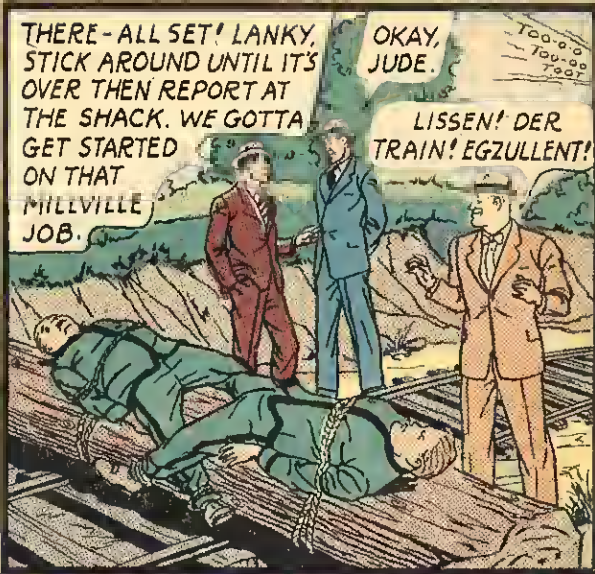
THAT TREE'LL DROP ACROSS THE TRACKS-WE TIE YOU ON IT, SO-YOU'LL HAVE FRONT SEATS FOR A TRAIN WRECK!



THERE-ALL SET! LANKY, STICK AROUND UNTIL IT'S OVER THEN REPORT AT THE SHACK. WE GOTTA GET STARTED ON THAT MILLVILLE JOB.

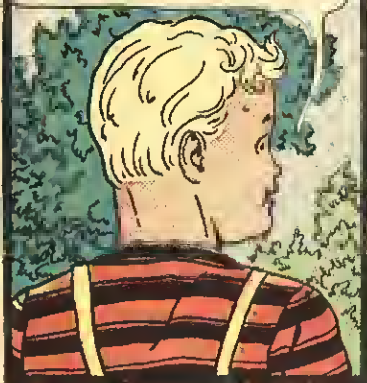
OKAY, JUDE.

LISSEN! DER TRAIN! EGZULLENT!



AND WATCHING ALL THIS IN WIDE-EYED WONDER-

O-O-OH! BAD MANS! BAD MANS CUT DOWN TWEE! SKEEGEE TELL DADDY!



BAD MANS! DADDY PANK!



JUST OVER THE HILL A FATHER IS SEARCHING FOR HIS MISSING SON.

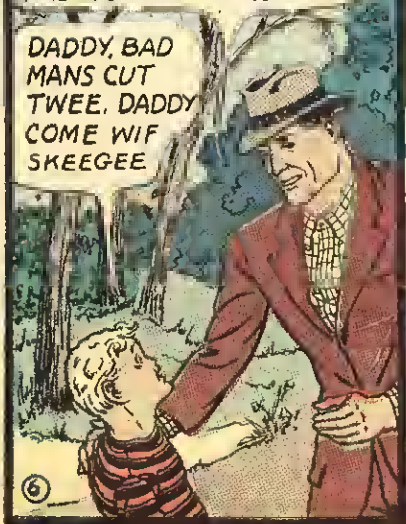
NOW WHERE COULD THAT KID BE? IT'S GETTIN' DUSK AND-AH!

BAD MANS CUT TWEE



SKEEGEE! GOSH! YOU HAD ME AND YOUR MA WORRIED!

DADDY, BAD MANS CUT TWEE. DADDY COME WIF SKEEGEE



BAD MANS CAN WAIT. YA-AH YOU'RE COMIN' HOME YA-EO WITH DADDY! YE-AOW!

BAD MANS DADDY PANK-A-O-O-W

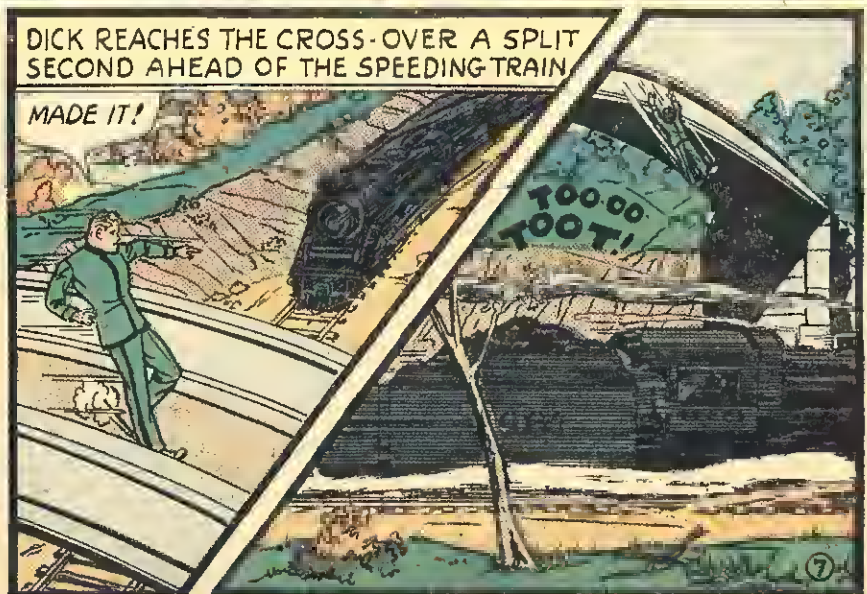
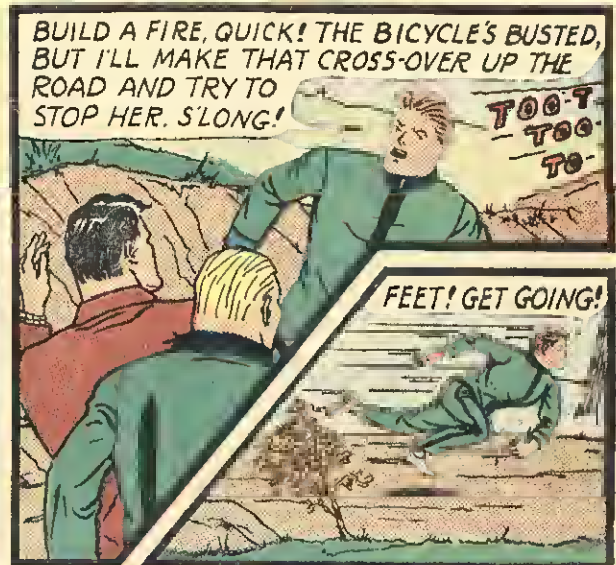
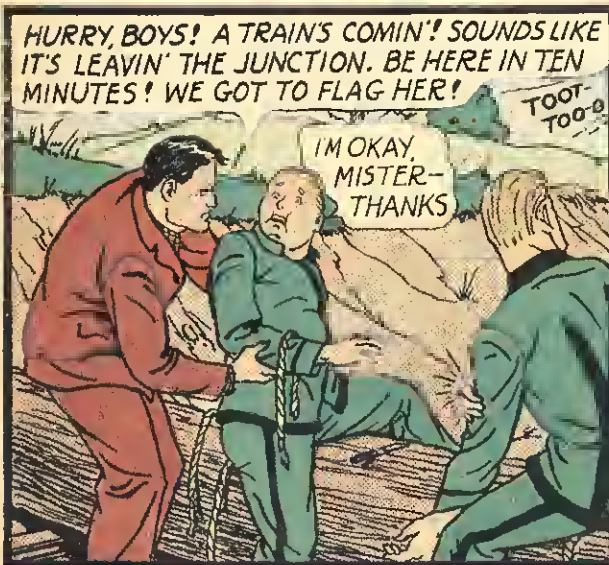
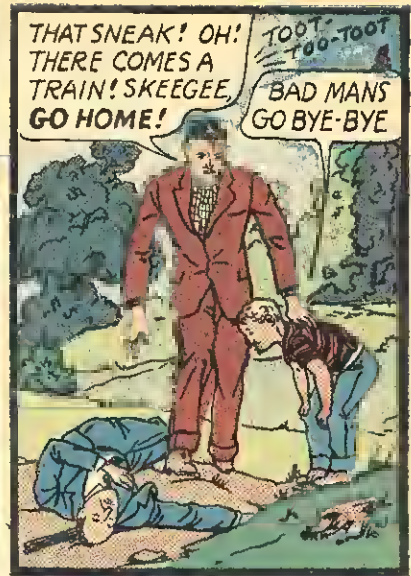
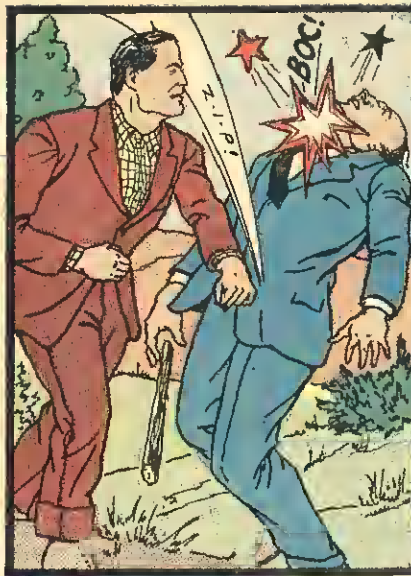


THE FARMER DECIDES TO INVESTIGATE

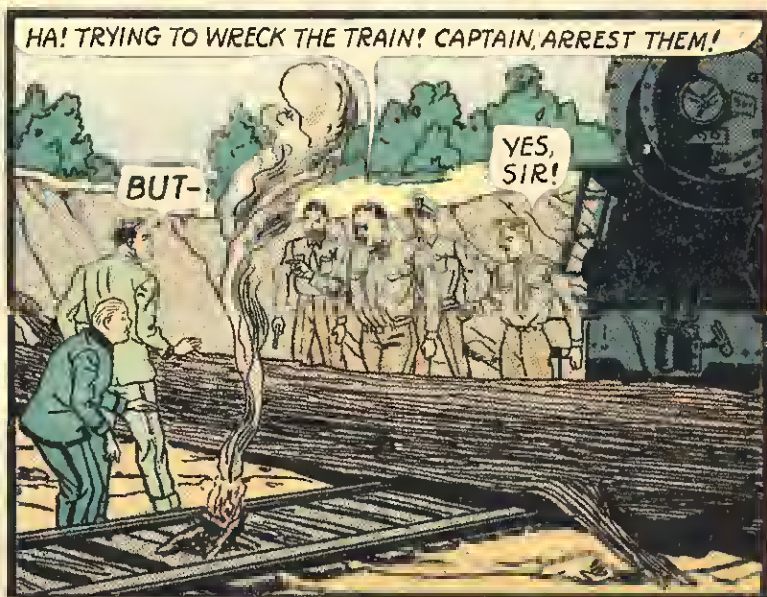
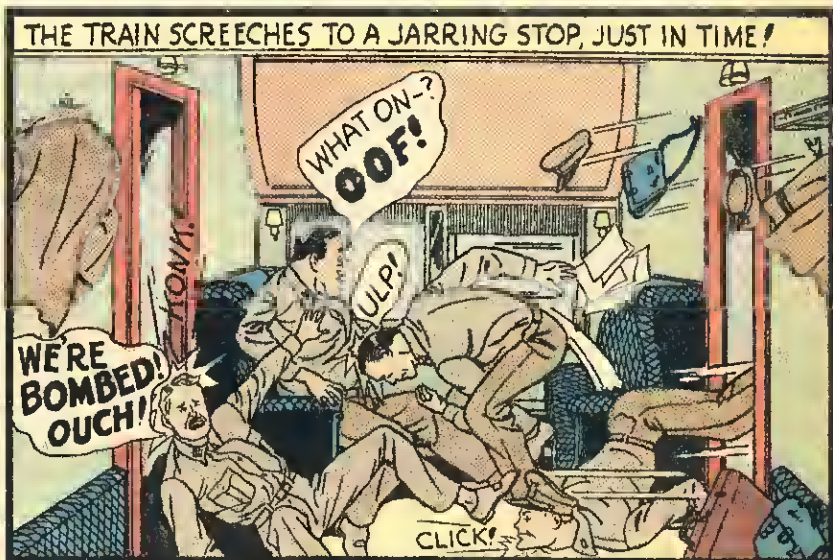
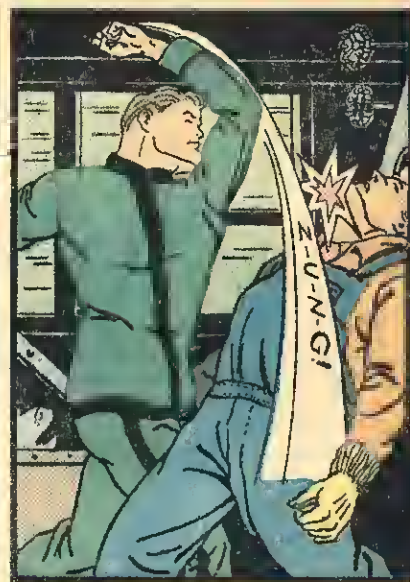
WHAT THA'-! TWO FARR STUDENTS TIED TO A-HOLYSMOKE! THAT TREE'LL WRECK THE NEXT TRAIN ALONG HERE!



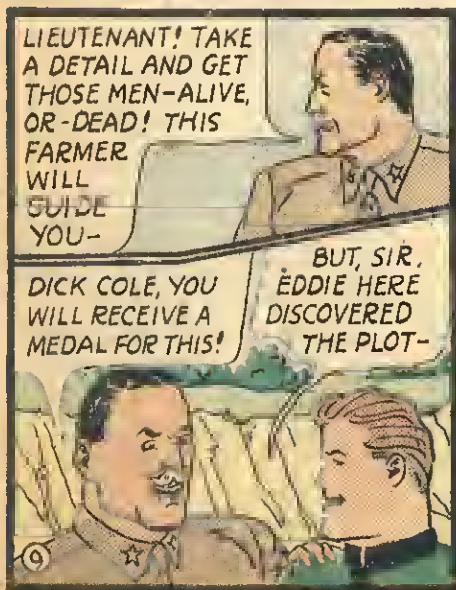
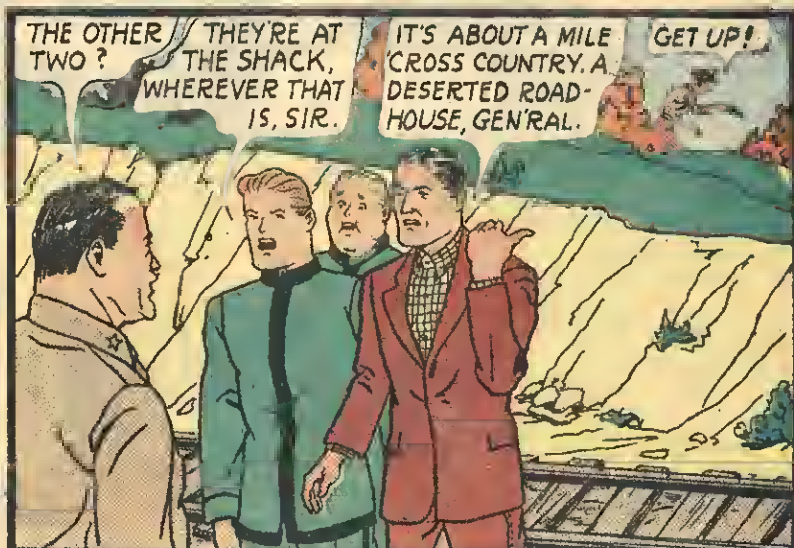






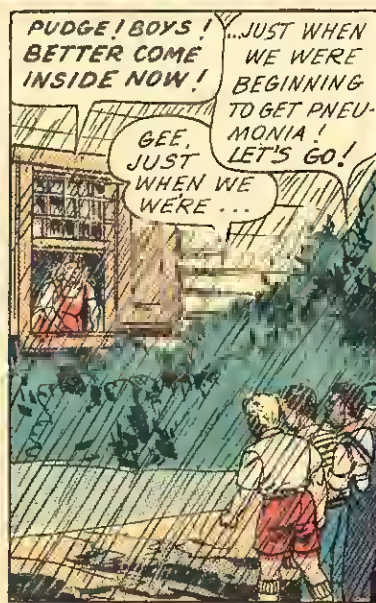
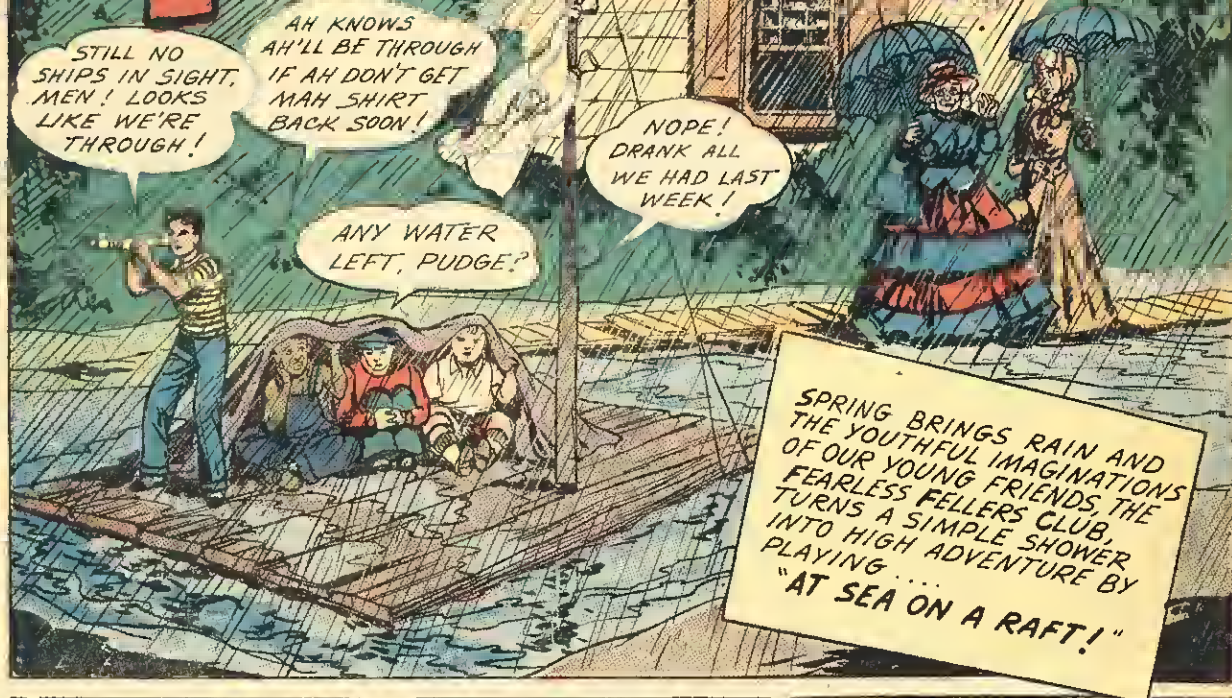




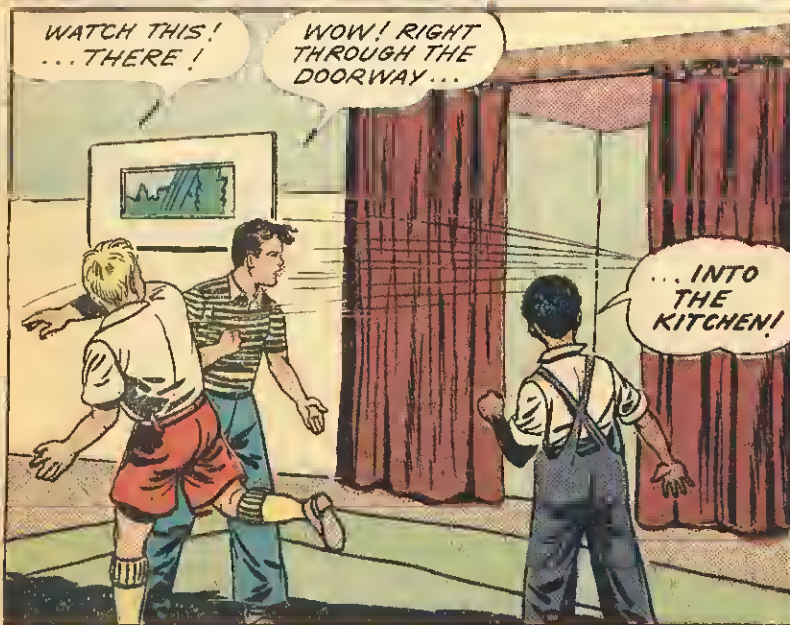
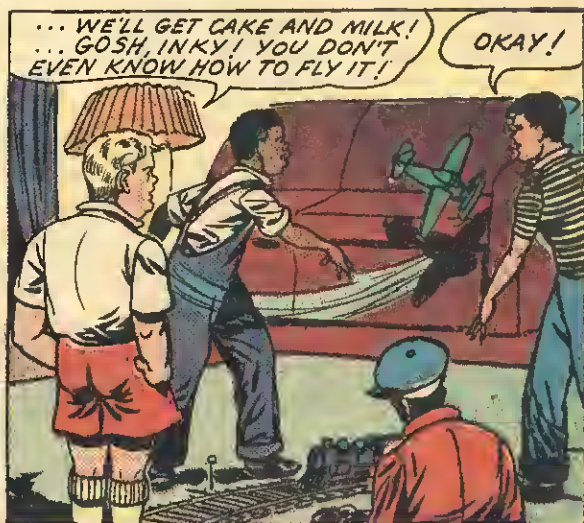
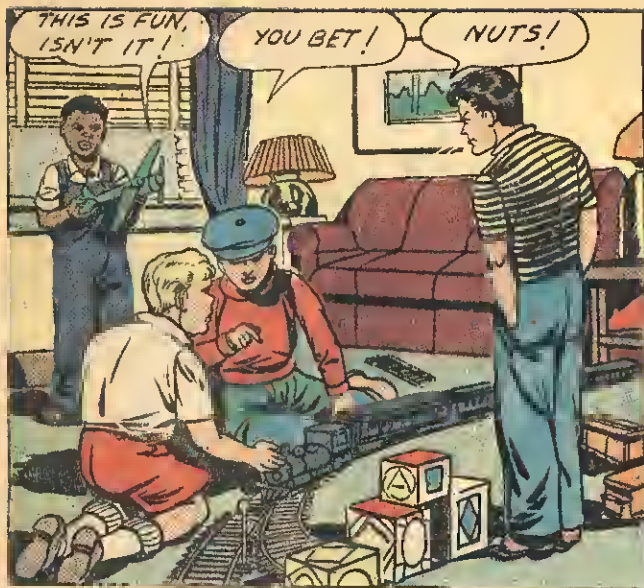




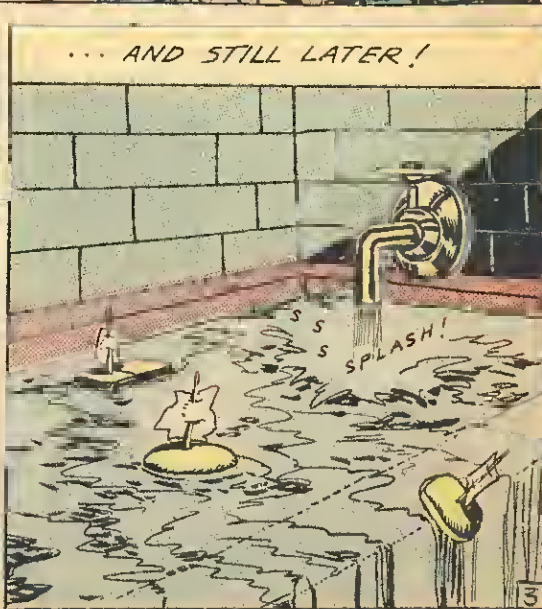
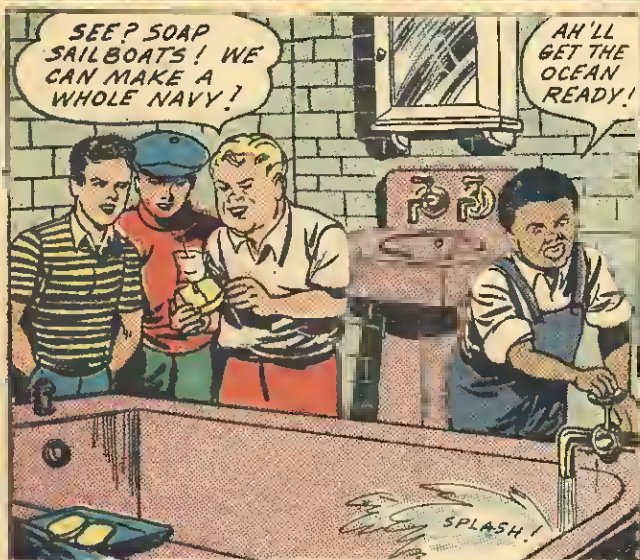
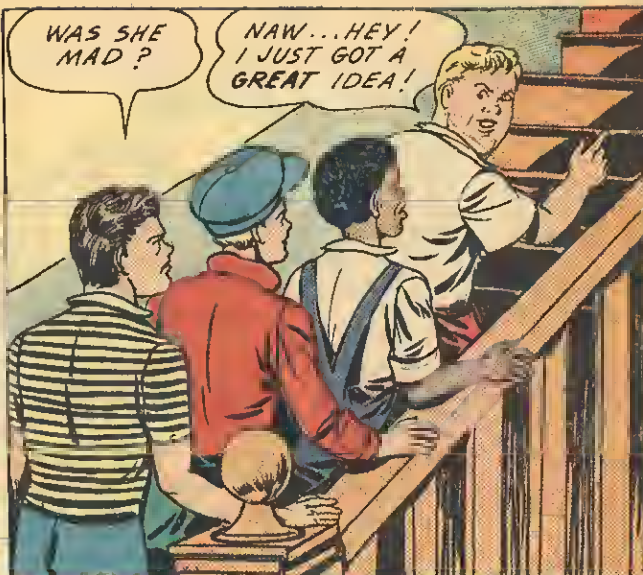
# FEARLESS FELLERS



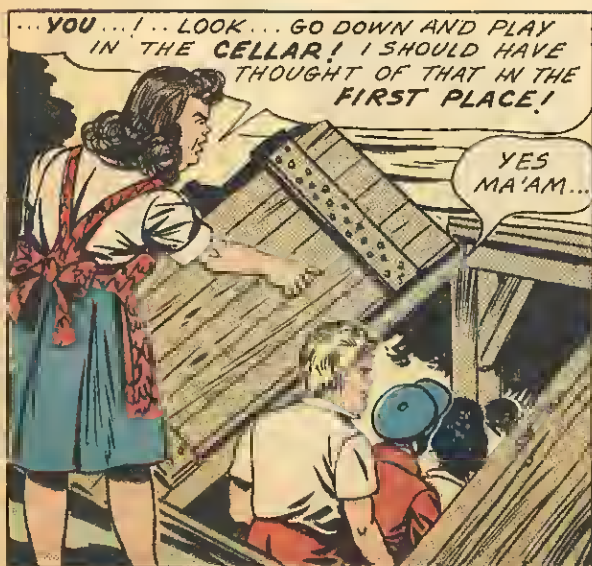
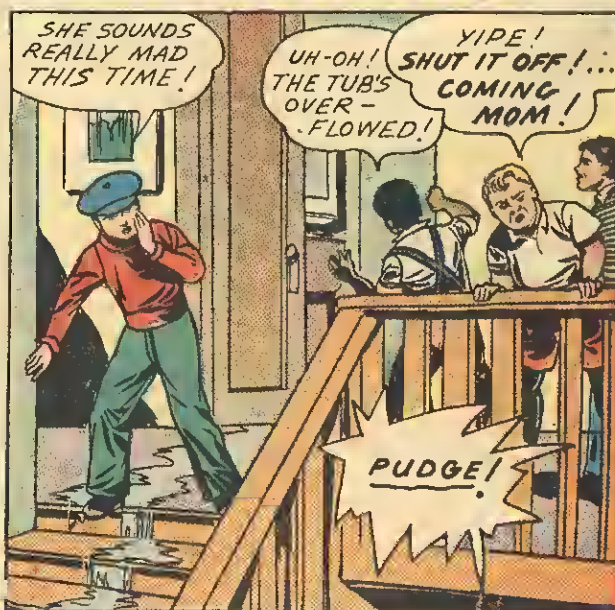




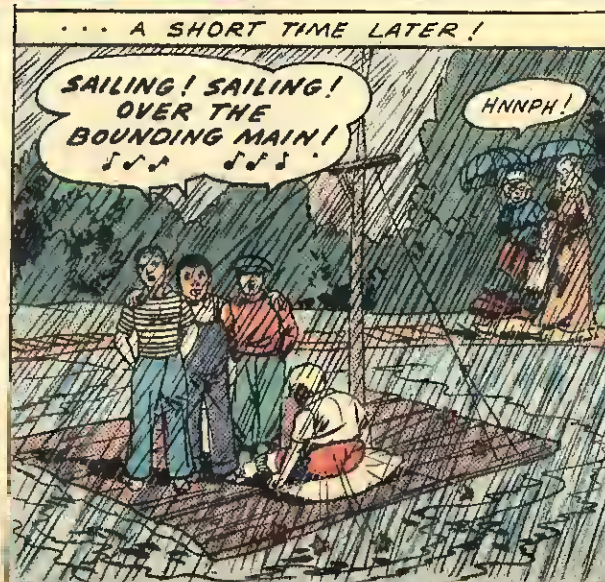
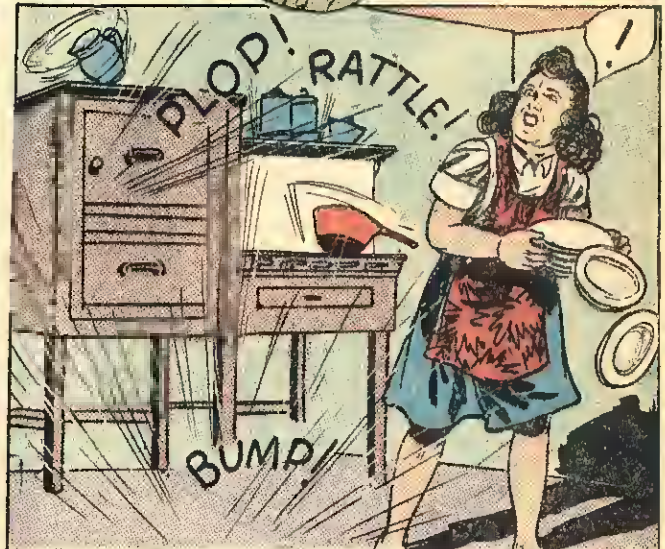
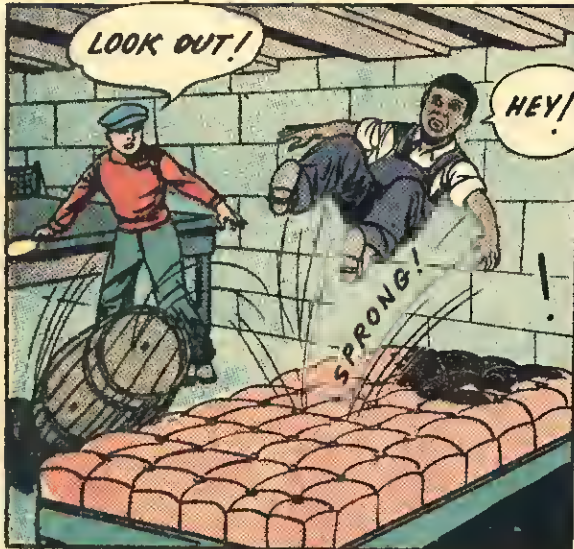
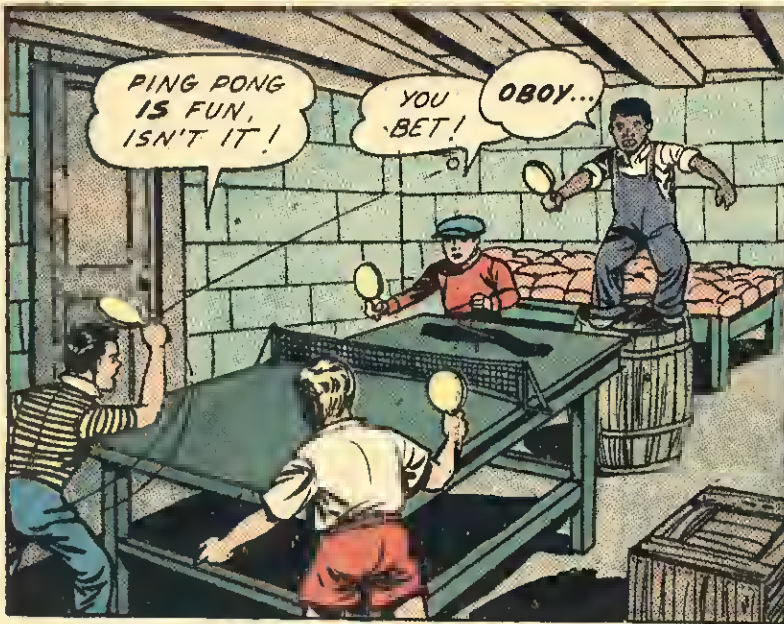














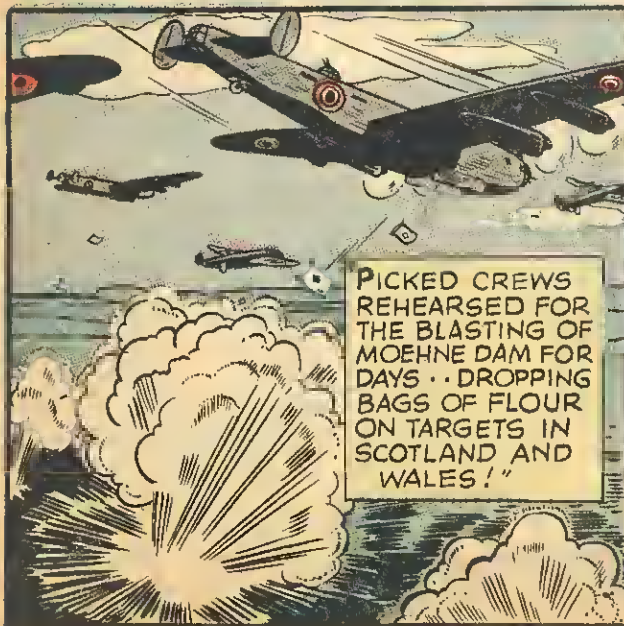
# CAP HAWKINS' TALES



COMMANDER  
GUY P. GIBSON



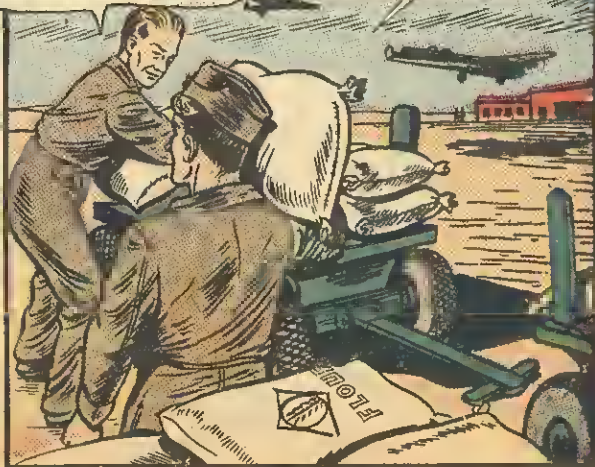
JOEY, ONE OF THE MOST HEROIC EXPLOITS OF THIS WAR WAS THE BLASTING OF THE MOEHNE DAM BY WING COMMANDER GUY P. GIBSON! YOU KNOW, SON, GIBSON IS CONSIDERED ONE OF THE MOST EXPERIENCED PILOTS IN THE WORLD AND HE'S ONLY 25... HE HAS ALREADY PARTICIPATED IN 174 RAIDS OVER ENEMY TERRITORY!



PICKED CREWS REHEARSED FOR THE BLASTING OF MOEHNE DAM FOR DAYS... DROPPING BAGS OF FLOUR ON TARGETS IN SCOTLAND AND WALES!"

IT'S SORT OF TOO BAD TO WASTE ALL THIS FLOUR... GOSH, WHAT A CAKE MY WIFE COULD BAKE...

HUH-- BET SHE COULDN'T MAKE BISCUITS THAT'D BLOW THE ENEMY SKY-HIGH!





WON'T BE LONG NOW, EH, JOHNNY?

AFTER 150 HOURS OF FLOUR BAGS, IT'LL BE GOOD TO GET REAL BOMBS BACK INTO THOSE RACKS!

MAY 6 -- WATER IN MOEHNE AND EDAR DAMS HAS RISEN ONE FOOT IN PAST DAY!

THOSE GUYS ARE IN FOR PLENTY OF TROUBLE BEFORE THEY GET BACK!

YEAH -- BUT IT WON'T BE ANYTHING COMPARED TO WHAT THEY HAND THE JERRIES!

THEN, ON MAY 16, THE WATERS RISE TO THEIR PEAK, AND THE 19 LANCASTERS TAKE OFF!

AND, IN THE LEAD PLANE---

WING COMMANDER TO ALL PILOTS -- KEEP IN FORMATION AND WATCH FOR TROUBLE! GOOD LUCK!

THESE BLASTED LIGHTS ARE BLINDING ME---

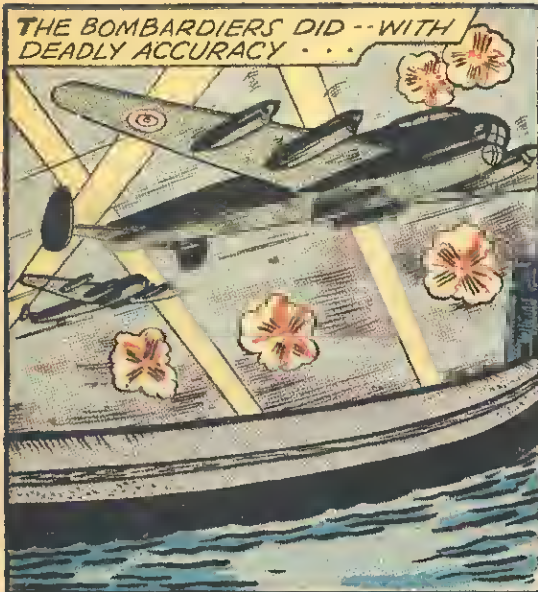
16 OF THE BIG BOMBERS GET THROUGH TO THE TARGET AREA...

THEY FLY OVER THE RUHR AT 50 FEET AND THE HEAVY FLAK REFLECTS IN THE WATER -- MAKING IT SEEM TWICE AS MUCH.

COMMANDER TO PILOTS -- YOUR TARGET IS DEAD AHEAD! MAKE YOUR RUN COUNT!



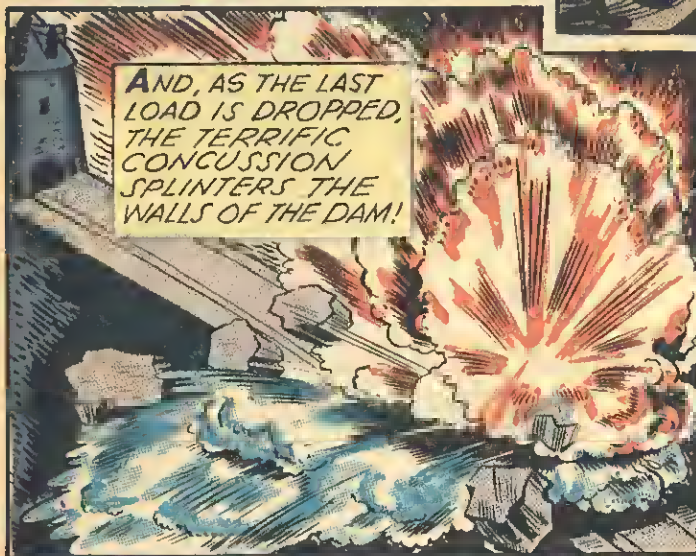
THE BOMBARDIERS DID -- WITH DEADLY ACCURACY . . .



BOMBS AWAY!



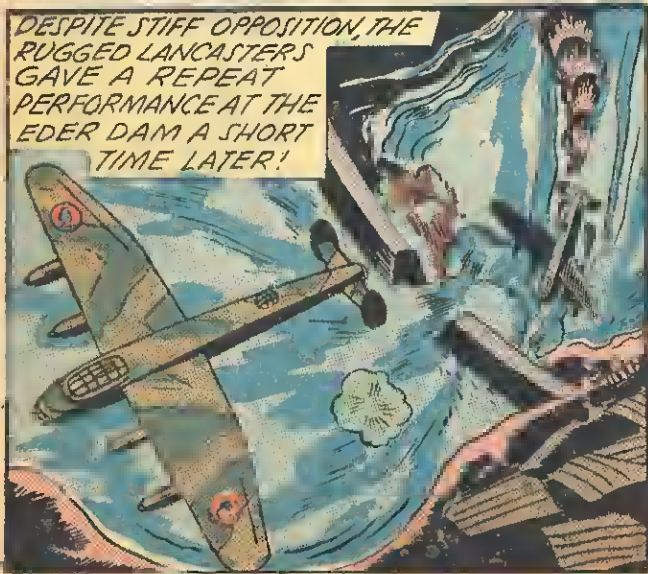
AND, AS THE LAST LOAD IS DROPPED, THE TERRIFIC CONCUSSION SPLINTERS THE WALLS OF THE DAM!



COMMANDER TO SQUADRON: OUR MISSION'S COMPLETED HERE. CONTINUE ON TO EDER DAM!



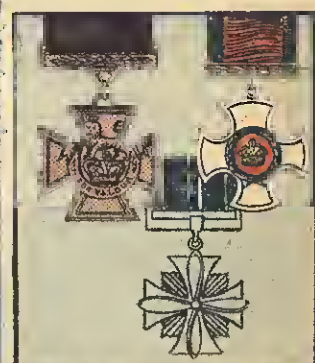
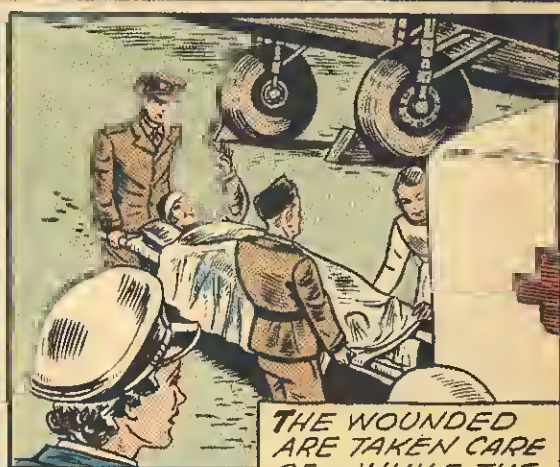
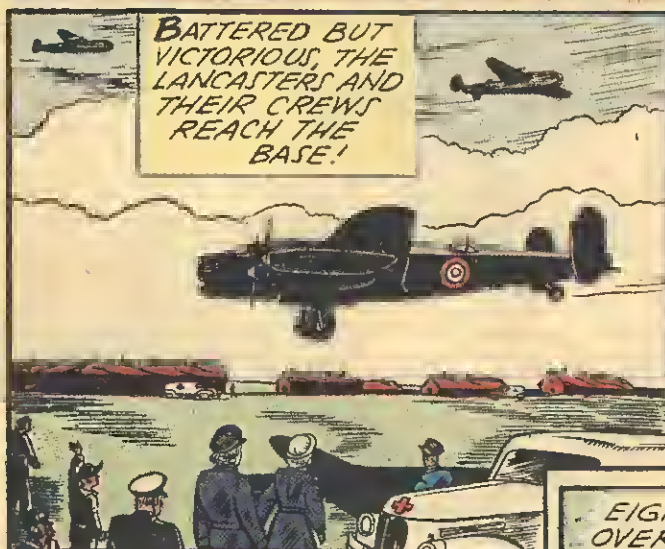
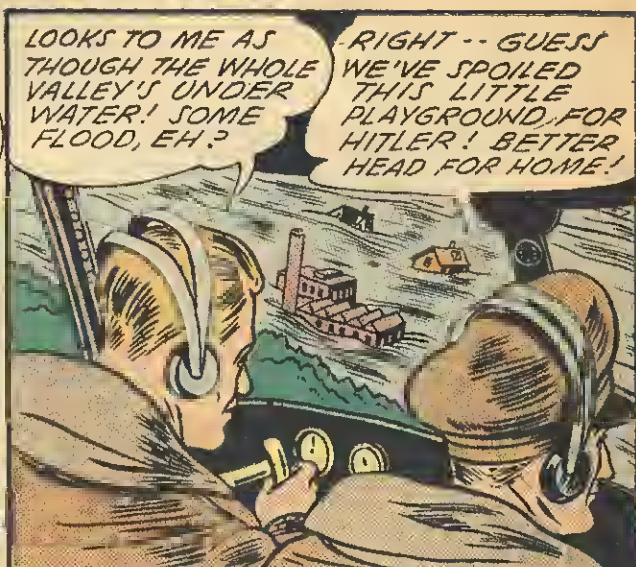
DESPITE STIFF OPPOSITION, THE RUGGED LANCASTERS GAVE A REPEAT PERFORMANCE AT THE EDER DAM A SHORT TIME LATER!



AND, THE FLOODING WATERS WROUGHT A TELLING DAMAGE TO NAZI INDUSTRY IN THE GREAT RUHR VALLEY!



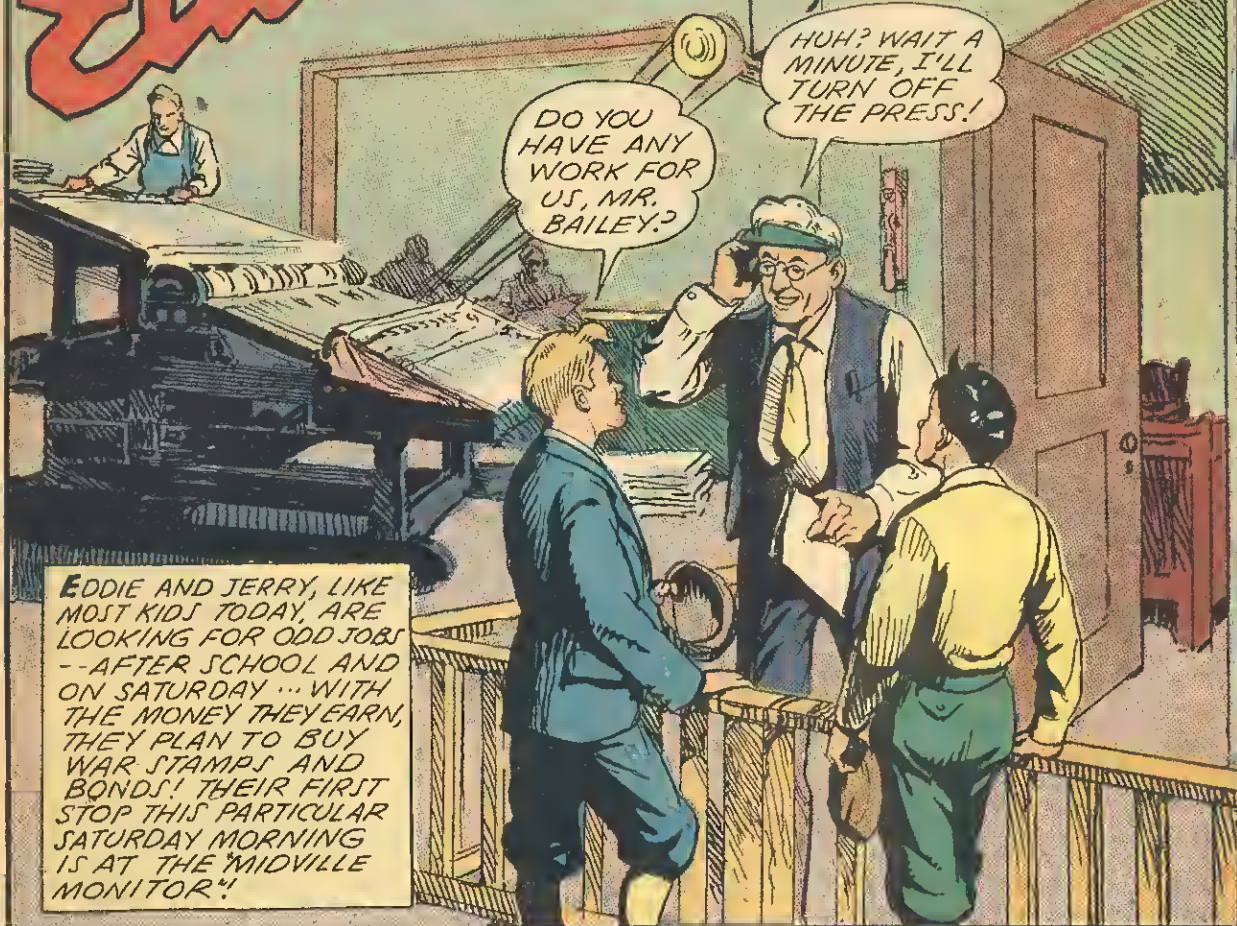




FOR THIS, AND OTHER OF HIS EXPLOITS, COMMANDER GIBSON HAS BEEN DECORATED WITH THE VICTORIA CROSS, THE DISTINGUISHED SERVICE ORDER (TWICE) AND THE DISTINGUISHED FLYING CROSS (TWICE)



# Edison BELL



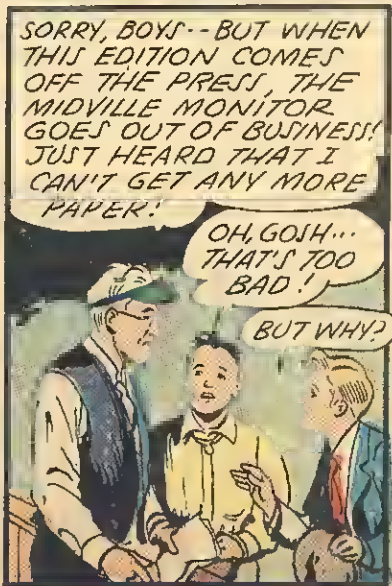
HUH? WAIT A MINUTE, I'LL TURN OFF THE PRESS!

DO YOU HAVE ANY WORK FOR US, MR. BAILEY?

EDDIE AND JERRY, LIKE MOST KIDS TODAY, ARE LOOKING FOR ODD JOBS -- AFTER SCHOOL AND ON SATURDAY ... WITH THE MONEY THEY EARN, THEY PLAN TO BUY WAR STAMPS AND BONDS! THEIR FIRST STOP THIS PARTICULAR SATURDAY MORNING IS AT THE 'MIDVILLE MONITOR'!

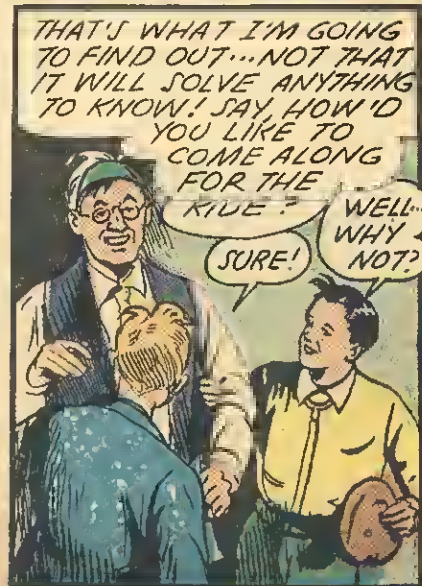


THAT'S BETTER... WELL, NOW, WHAT WERE YOU SAYING? WE THOUGHT YOU MIGHT HAVE SOME WORK WE COULD DO FOR YOU TODAY!



SORRY, BOYS-- BUT WHEN THIS EDITION COMES OFF THE PRESS, THE MIDVILLE MONITOR GOES OUT OF BUSINESS! JUST HEARD THAT I CAN'T GET ANY MORE PAPER!

OH, GOSH... THAT'S TOO BAD!  
BUT WHY?

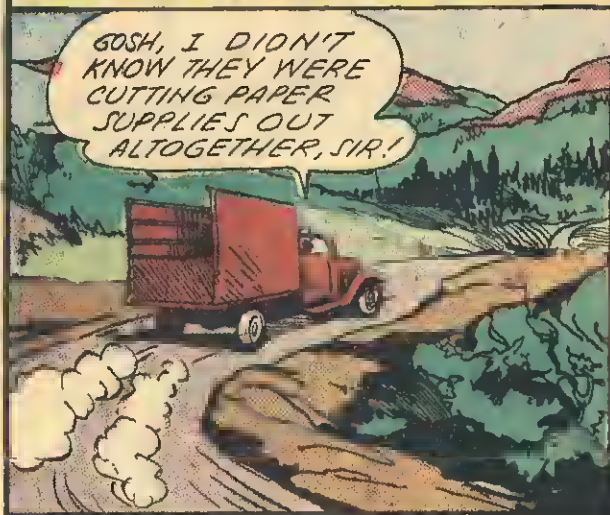


THAT'S WHAT I'M GOING TO FIND OUT... NOT THAT IT WILL SOLVE ANYTHING TO KNOW! SAY, HOW'D YOU LIKE TO COME ALONG FOR THE RIDE?  
SURE!  
WELL... WHY NOT?



AFTER THE PAPER HAS BEEN ROLLED OFF THE PRESS, EDDIE AND JERRY START UPSTATE WITH MR. BAILEY.

GOSH, I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE CUTTING PAPER SUPPLIES OUT ALTOGETHER, SIR!



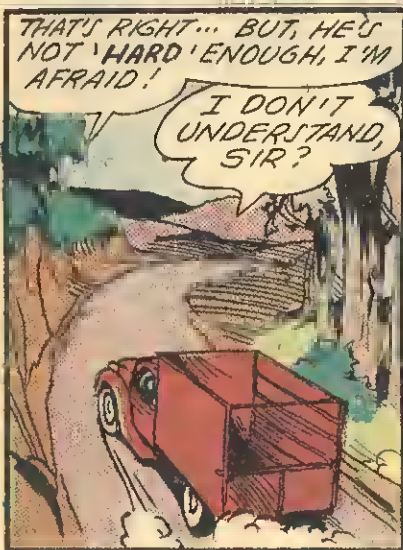
OH, IT ISN'T THAT, EDDIE... YOU SEE, I'VE BEEN GETTING MY SUPPLIES FROM AN OLD FRIEND OF MINE, MR. HARDING!

IS THAT THE MAN THEY CALL "HARD WOOD" HARDING? I'VE HEARD MY DAD TALK ABOUT HIM!

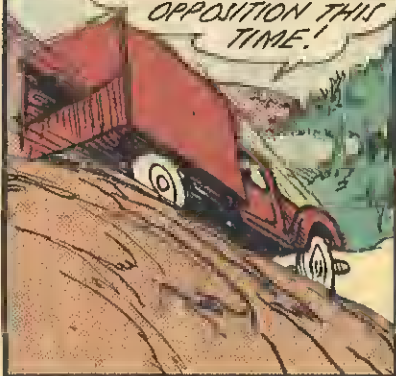


THAT'S RIGHT... BUT, HE'S NOT 'HARD' ENOUGH, I'M AFRAID!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND, SIR?



WELL, HARDING IS VERY STRICT ABOUT ALWAYS DOING THE RIGHT THING--PLAYING SQUARE! IT SEEMS THAT HE'S RUN INTO SOME CROOKED OPPOSITION THIS TIME!



AND, THIS CROOK IS AFTER HIS PAPER--BUT HARDING HAS NO WAY OF PROVING IT!

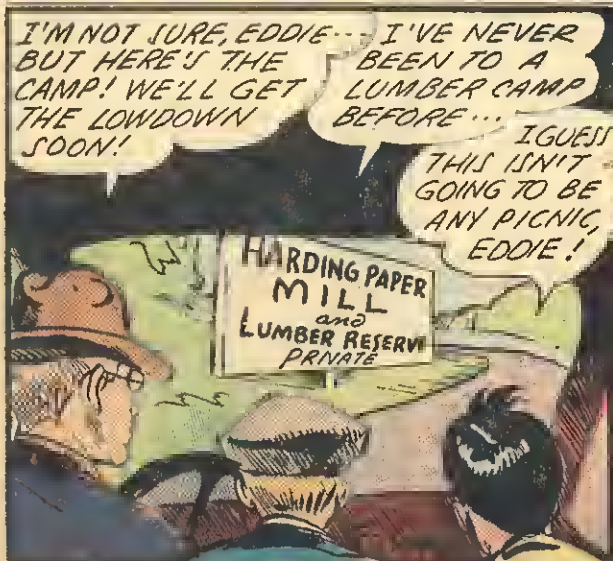
BUT WHY SHOULD THAT AFFECT THE PAPER SUPPLY TO YOU?



I'M NOT SURE, EDDIE-- BUT HERE'S THE CAMP! WE'LL GET THE LOWDOWN SOON!

I'VE NEVER BEEN TO A LUMBER CAMP BEFORE...

IGUESS THIS ISN'T GOING TO BE ANY PICNIC, EDDIE!



HI, HARDING--CAME UP TO HAVE A TALK WITH YOU!

BAILEY--GLAD TO SEE YOU! COME ON IN!





EDDIE AND JERRY ARE INTRODUCED...

GLAD TO KNOW YOU, BOYS -- JUST TROT AROUND AND SEE ANYTHING THAT LOOKS INTERESTING TO YOU!

CAREFUL NOW!

THANKS-- WE'LL BE CAREFUL!



NOW, HARDING, I WANT TO KNOW WHAT'S BEEN GOING ON UP HERE!

GEE, THIS IS A BIG PLACE, ISN'T IT, EDDIE?



LATER...

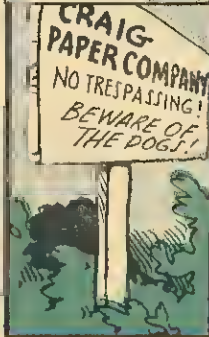
CAREFUL NOW, JERRY --

YEAH--SAY, SOUNDS LIKE FALLS -- A BIG ONE! JUST LISTEN TO IT!



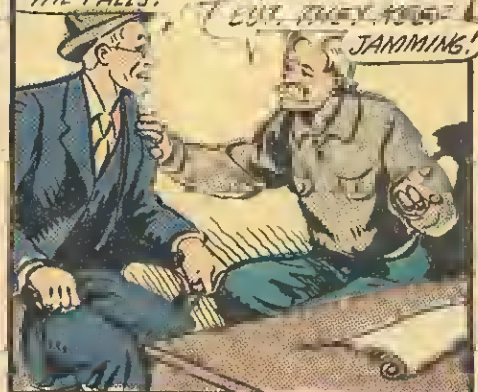
NOT MANY PEOPLE BELIEVE IN SIGNS... BUT IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN BETTER IF THE BOYS HAD AT LEAST SEEN THIS ONE!

CRAIG PAPER COMPANY  
NO TRESPASSING!  
BEWARE OF THE DOGS!



MEANWHILE...

YEAH--MY HOLDINGS HIMM... AND YOU ARE ABOVE HIS CAMP, AND I PURPOSELY JAMMING HAVE TO FLOAT THE LOGS ABOVE THE LOGS DOWN THE FALLS! PAST HIS PLACE!



I THINK THAT HE'S DIVERTING THE JAMMED LOGS OFF INTO HIS OWN MILL -- MY LOSSES HAVE BEEN TERRIFIC! IT'S HARD TO GET PROOF, THOUGH -- HE'S GOT SEVERAL LARGE AND NAUTY DOGS GUARDING THE PLACE!



BACK WITH EDDIE AND JERRY...

LOOK... HERE'S ANOTHER MILL!

LISTEN... I HEAR SOMEONE COMING! HOPE THEY DON'T MIND US LOOKING AROUND...





HOWEVER, THE BOYS DECIDE IT'S BEST TO DUCK DOWN OUT OF SIGHT WHEN THEY HEAR...

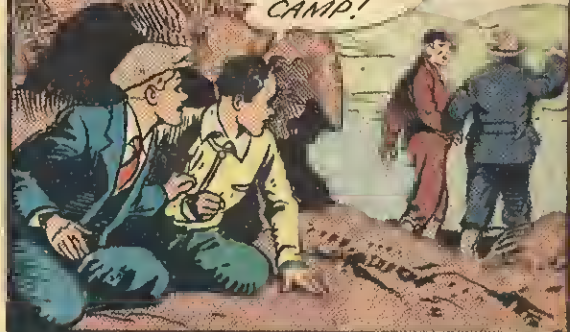
YOU'RE A SMART GUY CRAIG... WHY, IF THIS DOESN'T PUT HARDING RIGHT OUT OF BUSINESS, I'LL EAT EVERY LOG IN THAT JAM!

YOU GOTTA BE SMART IN BUSINESS, FRANK! THAT UNDERWATER NET IS JUST AN EXAMPLE OF HOW TO BEAT OUT YOUR COMPETITION.



DID YOU HEAR THAT? THEY'RE PURPOSELY JAMMING HARDING'S LOGS!

YEAH... THEY NOT ONLY KEEP HIM FROM USING THEM, BUT I'LL BET THAT CRAIG GUY SWIPES THEM FOR HIMSELF! LET'S GET BACK TO HARDING'S CAMP!



BUT, AS THE BOYS DASH OUT--

HEY-- WHO ARE THOSE KIDS?-- STOP! STOP!

RUN-- THEY'VE SEEN US!



THE BOYS MANAGE TO OUTRUN THE MEN, BUT...

GOSH-- THE'VE SICKED THE DOGS ON US! HURRY, JERRY!



HEY, EDDIE... I CAN'T GET AWAY-- I'M GONNA JUMP!



WHA-- JERRY! HEY! OH, HOLY SM...

GRRWFFF!

GRRR!



AS EDDIE HESITATES, THE DOGS LEAP FOR HIM!

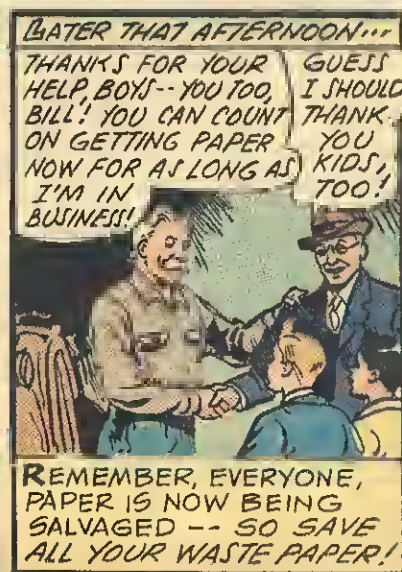
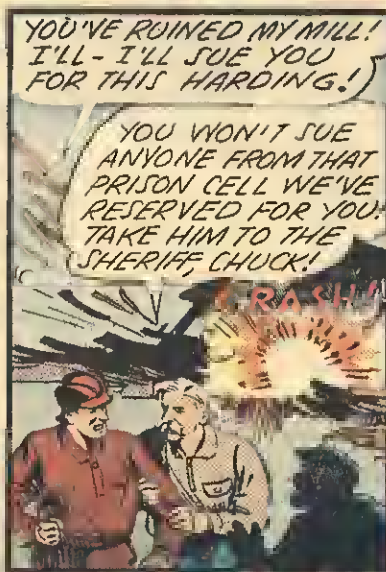
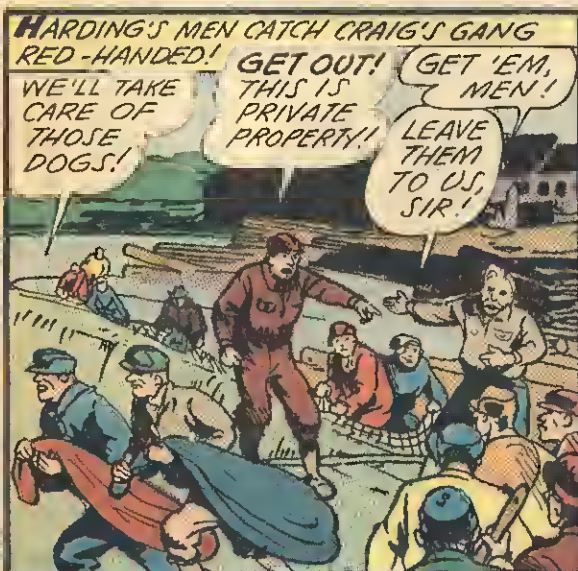
OH, GOSH!



MOVE OVER, PAL-- I'M COMIN' TOO!









Edison  
BELL'S

MODEL

# LOG CABIN

"OUT OF TWIGS AND BRANCHES!"

By *RAY*

HI, GANG!... HERE'S HOW TO  
MAKE THAT MODEL OF  
LINCOLN'S BIRTHPLACE... EVEN  
FORT CUSTER!

ROOF PEAK "BOARDS" ARE  
FLAT BOX WOOD.

REINFORCE  
ROOF "LOGS"  
WITH TWO  
BOX WOOD  
"BOARDS"  
UNDERNEATH.

NAIL  
THE  
END  
"LOGS"  
ON.

TO MAKE DOOR AND  
WINDOWS, SAW THE "LOGS"  
ALL AT ONCE TO GET  
THEM EVEN ...

PLASTER OF  
PARIS CEMENT  
"LOGS" IN  
PLACE!

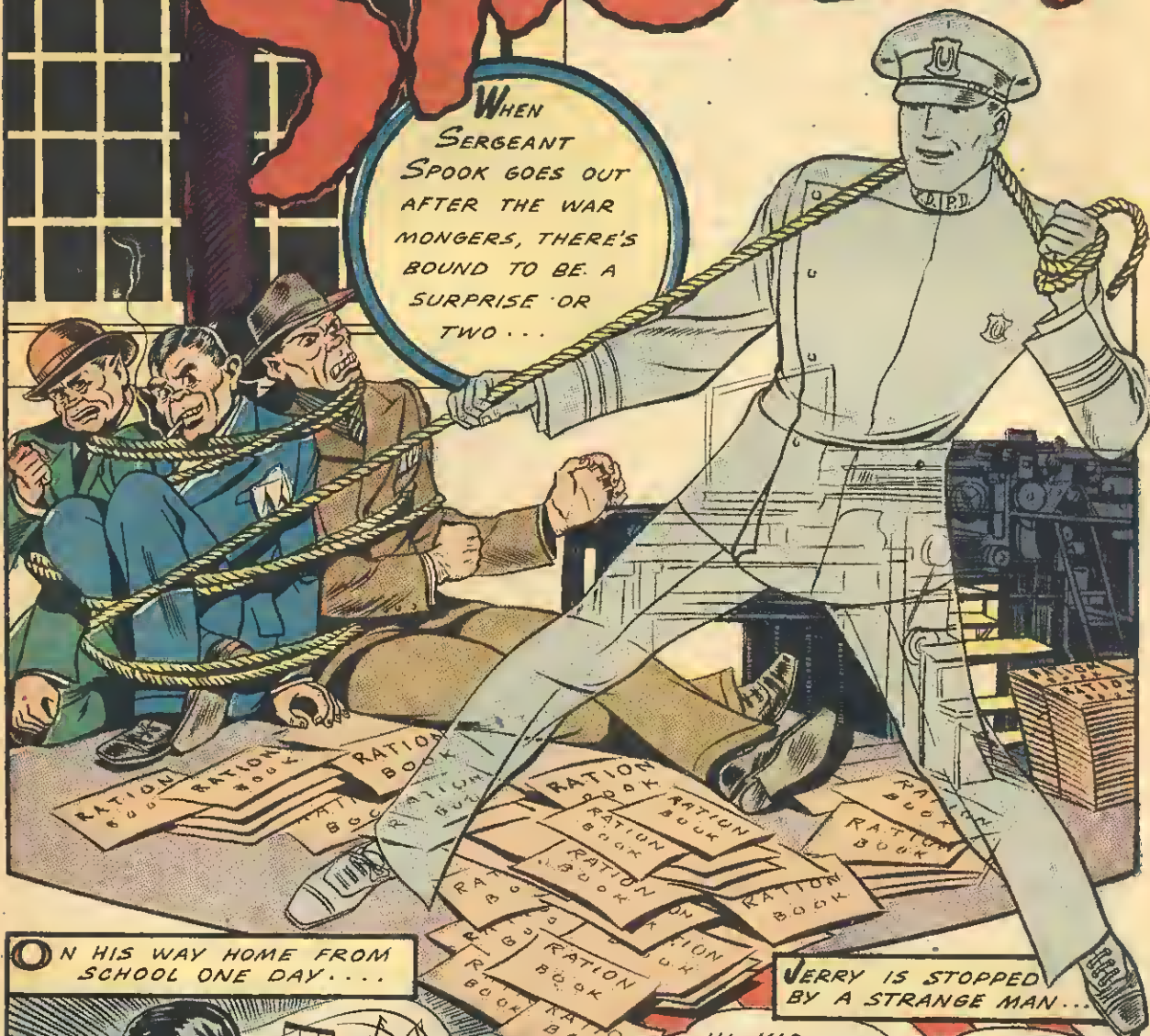
THE ENTIRE CONSTRUCTION  
IS AS SIMPLE AS THIS... NOTCH  
EACH BRANCH AT ENDS SO  
THAT THEY FIT INTO ONE  
ANOTHER!

**A** SWELL ADDITION TO YOUR CABIN... AND  
YOU CAN DESIGN YOUR OWN, BY THE WAY...  
USE SMALL STONES AND PEBBLES FOR  
MASONRY AND CHIMNEYS! ... USE YOUR  
PLASTER OF PARIS THROUGHOUT!

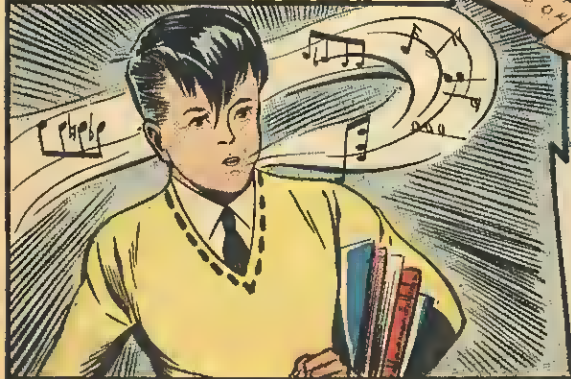
LET'S GO!  
...AND REMEMBER...  
GET YOUR  
BRANCHES FROM  
DEAD OR FALLEN  
TREES! PRESERVE  
GROWING  
THINGS!



# Sergeant Spook



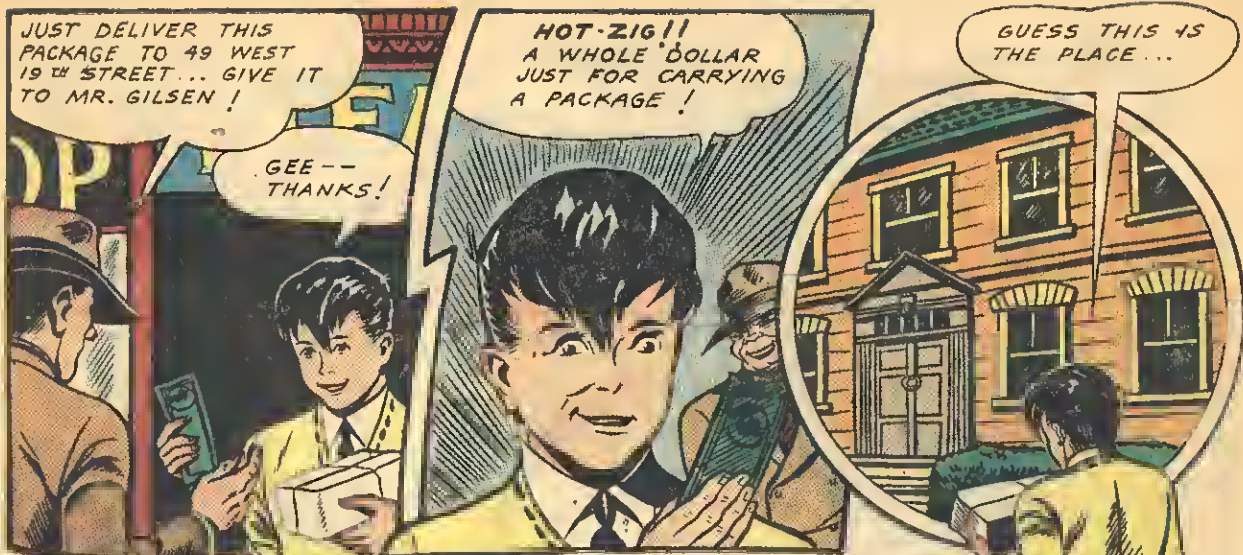
ON HIS WAY HOME FROM SCHOOL ONE DAY....



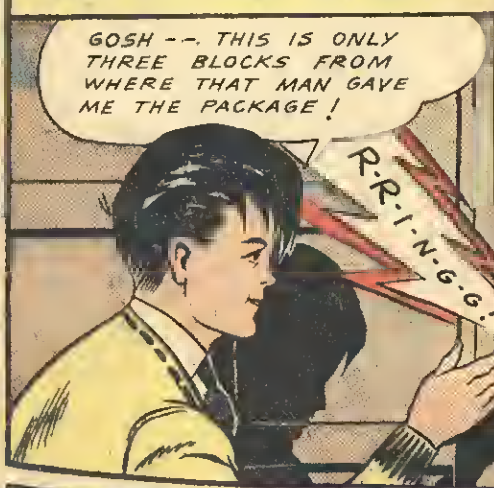
JERRY IS STOPPED BY A STRANGE MAN...







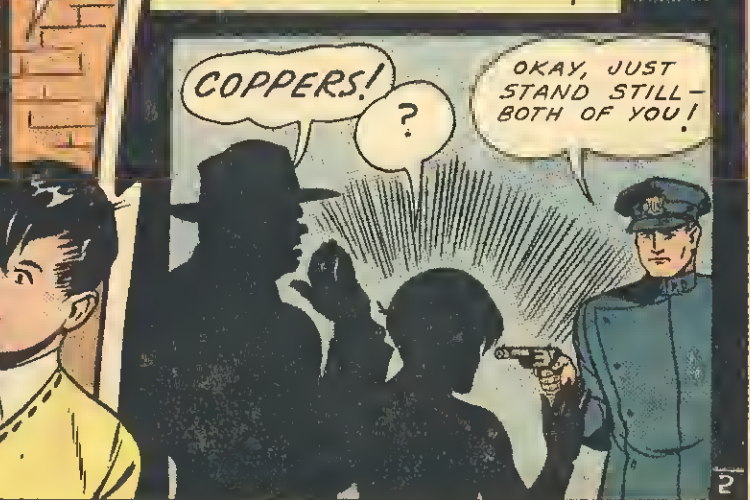
JERRY APPROACHES. THE HOUSE IN THE SEEMINGLY DESERTED STREET AND RINGS THE BELL...



OH -- OKAY, LET'S HAVE IT! NOW, SCRAM! KID!



BUT, AS JERRY TURNS TO GO, THE HOUSE IS RINGED BY BLUE-COATED FIGURES!







GUESS WE'VE GOT YOU WITH THE GOODS THIS TIME, GILSEN!

HEY, WHAT IS THIS?

IF YOU DON'T KNOW, KID, DON'T WORRY!

BUT IF YOU DID KNOW YOU WERE CARRYING THESE SO GILSEN COULD FENCE THEM...

**RATION BOOKS!!**

I DIDN'T KNOW THEY WERE ANYTHING LIKE THAT -- HONEST! I WAS JUST WALKING ALONG AND...

SURE -- AND A MAN OFFERED YOU MONEY TO DELIVER THE PACKAGE. WE KNOW THAT ONE!

JERRY IS HELD AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, IN SPITE OF HIS PROTESTATIONS!

GOSH -- HOW CAN I MAKE THE POLICE BELIEVE ME?

4TH PRECINCT

BUT, SPOOK COMES TO THE RESCUE --

WHY, JERRY -- DON'T TELL ME YOU'RE IN TROUBLE!

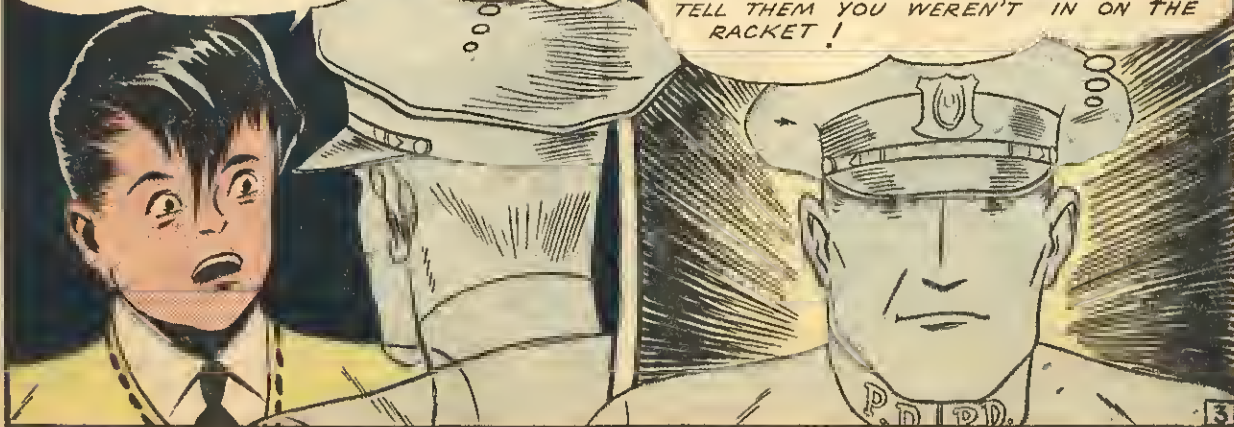
**SPOOK!!** OH, AM I GLAD TO SEE YOU!

JERRY TELLS HIS TALE OF WOE --

AND THE POLICE SEEM TO THINK I'M A PART OF THE GANG!

H-MM--GILSEN WON'T CLEAR YOU, EH?

ON SECOND THOUGHT, HE'D HAVE TO SPILL ALL THE BEANS IN ORDER TO CLEAR YOU -- THE POLICE MIGHT THINK HE WAS UP TO SOMETHING IF HE TRIED TO TELL THEM YOU WEREN'T IN ON THE RACKET!





MEANWHILE, THE POLICE GRILL GILSEN UNSUCCESSFULLY!

YOU KNOW WHO HEADS THE RING, DON'T YOU?

WHERE'S THE PRINTING PLANT, GILSEN?

I AIN'T TALKIN'!

GIVE UP -- THROW ME BACK IN MY CELL! I AIN'T DOIN' ANY TALKIN'!

BUT SPOOK HAS OTHER IDEAS ABOUT HOW TO MAKE GILSEN TELL WHAT HE KNOWS ---

YIPE!! I'M SEEIN' THINGS! WHO'S WRITIN' ON THE FLOOR?!

BACK IN HIS CELL, GILSEN SNEERS.

HA! HA! THEY CAN'T MAKE ME TALK! MARCO'LL GET ME A GOOD LAWYER AND ...

YUP-- THIS QUESTION OUGHT TO GET A RISE OUT OF HIM!

WHA--- I'M GOIN' BATTY!! WHERE'D THAT WRITIN' COME FROM?? NO! NO! I'VE GOT TO MAKE IT GO AWAY!

Who is Marco?

Who is Marco?



IT'S NOT AS EASY AS  
YOU THINK, GILSEN!  
WHO IS MARCO?

YAHH-- NOW  
SOMETHING'S GOT ME  
BY THE THROAT!!!  
HELP!

I SHOULD THINK  
YOU'D BE PRETTY  
SCARED BY NOW...

YAGHH-- LET  
ME GO! I'LL  
TELL!! I'LL TALK!

MARCO-- TRENTON  
MEAT SHOP-- THAT'S  
WHERE THE PRINTING  
PRESS IS!

THAT'S ALL  
I WANTED TO  
KNOW!

SPOOK-- DID  
YOU FIND  
OUT?

YES-- HERE'S  
WHAT I WANT  
YOU TO DO,  
JERRY...

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

4TH  
PRECINCT

NOW FOR THE  
TRENTON MEAT  
SHOP-- ODD PLACE  
FOR A COUNTERFEIT-  
ING OUTFIT!

SPOOK ARRIVES AT THE  
ADDRESS AND STANDS OUTSIDE  
FOR A FEW MOMENTS TO WATCH

HMM-- QUITE  
A BUSY PLACE!  
VERY BUSY!

TRENTON MEAT SHOP  
BEEF-VEAL

Fresh  
EGGS



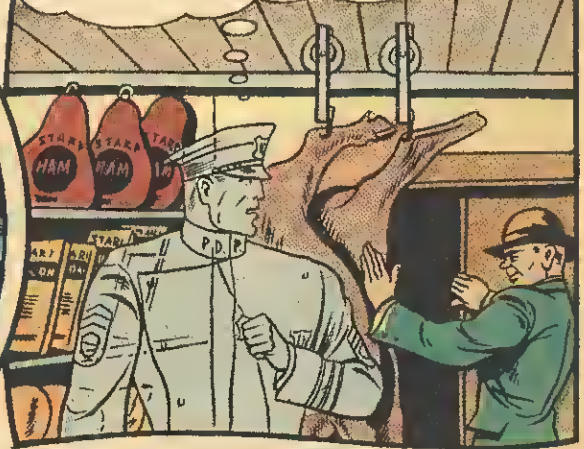
**INSIDE --**

HMM -- CUSTOMERS  
GOING INTO THE REFRIGERATOR --  
THAT'S SOMETHING NEW!



**SPOOK FOLLOWS --**

AHH -- THINGS ARE CLEARING UP!  
THERE'S ANOTHER DOOR  
IN HERE!



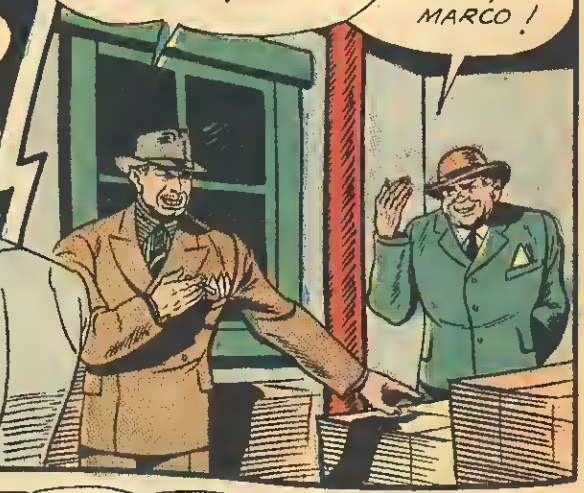
INSIDE THE SECRET ROOM,  
SPOOK FINDS ALL THE  
EVIDENCE NEEDED...

WOW ---  
THE PRINTING PRESS --  
NEW BOOKS -- AND THE  
REST OF THE GANG!  
WHAT A HAUL!



LOU, GET THOSE  
BOOKS PACKED FOR  
DELIVERY!

RIGHT,  
MARCO!



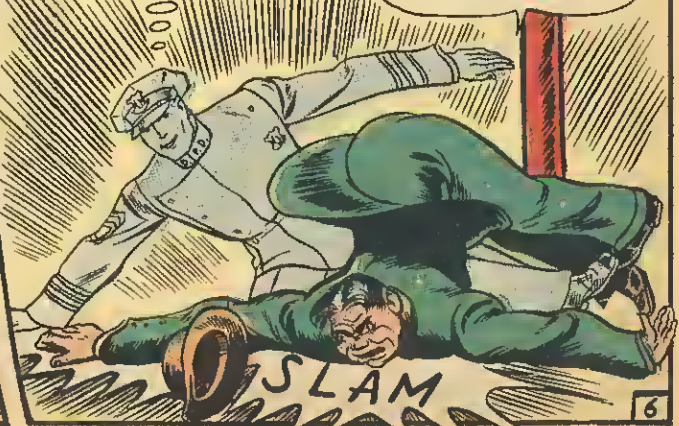
HOT DOG -- HERE'S  
MY CHANCE TO PUT  
A CRIMP IN THE  
BUSINESS!

OH, BOY, MARCO --  
THERE MUST BE  
TEN GRAND IN  
THIS LOT!



TRY EATING SOME  
'B COUPONS,  
SUCKER!

WOW -- I  
TRIPPED!







WHAT'S THE GAG, MARCO--?

YOU CLUMSY DOPE-- GET UP!

NOW THEY'RE JUST WHERE I WANT 'EM!

IF THIS ROPE TRICK WORKS, I WON'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

PICK UP THOSE-- HEY! WHO'S GOT THAT ROPE?

ROUND AND ROUND UNTIL THEY'RE ALL TIED UP!

ULP--W-WHAT'S GOIN' ON?!

IT'S G-GHOSTS!

ALL TIED UP-- THEY'LL WAIT FOR THE LONG ARM OF THE LAW TO DRAG THEM IN NOW!

JERRY SHOWS UP AT THIS MOMENT...

I DON'T GET IT-- HOW'D WE GET ALL ROPED UP? WHO DID IT?

WELL, I'LL TELL--- ALL TIED UP!!!

SEE-- JUST LIKE I TOLD YOU YOU'D FIND THEM!



WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL US SOONER WHERE THIS PLACE WAS?-- I DON'T GET IT! HOW COULD YOU TIE UP THESE GUYS?

OH, GOSH-- IT WAS JUST LUCK!

SO, LATER AS JERRY LEAVES THE POLICE STATION, FREE--

GOSH, TOO BAD I COULDN'T TELL THEM WHAT REALLY HAPPENED!

HUH-- THEY'D NEVER BELIEVE THAT, JERRY! BUT, HEREAFTER, STAY AWAY FROM PEOPLE YOU DON'T KNOW!



The END



# A piece of history

**M**IGUEL FILIPE QUEZON was very happy as he trudged along the grassy path to the boat with the gunny-sack filled with guns, cords, tapes and meters of the American engineers. Mr. Baxter, Mr. Buffington and Mr. Stratman had found the manganese deposits they were looking for here on Relagi Island. Now their job was done and they were going back to Manila as soon as they got their little boat packed with their maps, reports and equipment. What they had found would help to make the Philippines strong and help them to keep those dirty Japs in check—

Suddenly he was not happy. He was afraid.

For where their boat was hidden in the underbrush of the little cove there was now another boat, a powerful, low-slung boat that had the hateful insignia of the Rising Sun painted on its gray hull. Getting out of the boat were eight Japanese soldiers, evil-looking, with bayoneted rifles clutched in their hands.

Filipe dropped down into the undergrowth as if he had been shot. He was not more than twelve feet away from the men and he was almost afraid to draw his breath, for fear of being discovered.

He saw the Jap officer signal for extreme quiet, and then the officer spoke, but Filipe's sharp ears caught the Japanese words and understood them.

"You two remain here. We will go to the camp of the American dogs and return with the maps and plans and reports on the manganese. They cannot know that we wiped out Pearl Harbor yesterday. They will be asleep, as usual."

The Jap officer and five of his men disappeared in the direction of the camp, while the two remaining Japs sat down on the ground, rifles held ready, to guard the boats until the return of their yellow comrades.

Filipe hugged the ground like a snake and dragged the gunny-sack behind him through the undergrowth, careful not to make a sound. He was afraid to breathe for fear a twig would snap and the Japs would hear him.

Yet he had to hurry. He had to get back to

camp and help Mr. Baxter and the others. Their guns were in the gunny-sack, and they could do nothing without guns against the brutal, sneaking Japs. The guns would do his friends no good unless they had them in their hands, and it was his job to get the guns there.

**I**N a few moments he had wriggled his way to the trail, where he could regain his feet without being seen. He dropped the gunny-sack on the ground, opened it hurriedly and pulled out five revolvers and a big ball of stout fishing cord. Then, with these things in his hands, he began to duck and squirm his way through the dense brush in the direction of the camp. He was brown as a berry, and his lithe, wiry body glided unseen through the jungle.

He finally crept out cautiously on a little knoll in back of the camp. His dark eyes took in the situation.

Below him, just beyond the hut used as a sort of office and cook shack, that nestled up against the knoll, Mr. Baxter, Mr. Stratman and Mr. Buffington were standing, their arms raised helplessly in the air. In front of them stood the arrogant little Japanese officer, a revolver in his hand, and behind the officer were the five Jap soldiers, their bayonets pointed forward at the captive Americans.

Ted Baxter was not afraid. "Well, now that you've busted in on us, maybe you'll let me tell you that this island is American property and we're American citizens!"

The Jap grinned an oily Oriental smile. "The armed forces of our Empire struck at Pearl Harbor yesterday. Your famous American fleet has been scattered or sunk. The Rising Sun will soon subdue the Philippines. We have come here to get your reports on manganese deposits for the Mikado. We, too, can use manganese for our planes, ships and guns."

Filipe was proud of his American friends. The Japs had guns and the Yanks didn't, but they stood there, calm and quiet and not at all as if those yellow soldiers scared them. Mr. Baxter grinned right back at them. "Your Mikado can go climb a tree with the rest of the monkeys! If you think I'll give you our reports, you're just plain goofy!"

**T**HE Jap officer made a motion and one of the Jap soldiers stepped forward and hit Mr. Baxter over the head with the barrel of his rifle. Mr. Baxter fell to the ground. Two of the Japs lifted him up and carried him into the little hut. Then they herded Mr. Stratman and Mr. Buffington into the hut and stood a guard in front of the door.



The Japs piled their rifles in a heap in front of the hut and began to pry open the boxes in which the Americans had packed all of their reports, charts and things, preparatory to leaving the island.

Filipe wasted no time. He knew what he had to do and he did not delay. First he tore a page out of a memo book—wrote on it with a pencil—"When you hear signal shot—break out of hut. Fil." He slipped the piece of paper halfway down the barrel of one of the revolvers. Then he cut a short length of cord off the ball with his knife and tied three of the revolvers together. Cutting another twenty-foot length of cord, he tied one end to the revolvers. Leaning as far out as he dared from the top of the knoll, he tossed the bundle of guns at the opening in the top of the stove-pipe in the roof of the little hut in which his friends were captives.

He was afraid that he would miss his mark, but his aim was perfect and the deadly bundle disappeared into the black maw of the pipe. He carefully let out the remaining cord until he felt the bundle of guns stop. After a moment he felt a gentle tug on the cord, signifying that his friends had gotten the guns.

Filipe immediately crawled away from the knoll like a wriggling snake. He made his way to the west of the camp. He stopped and tied one of the revolvers to the base of a palm tree with cord from the big ball. Then he tied a free end of the big ball to the trigger of the gun and unrolled about fifty feet of line before he cut it off with his knife. Then, moving carefully and quietly to the south of the camp, he tied another gun to another tree. He tied another line to the trigger of this gun. Soon he was able to sneak back to the knoll with the ends of both lines in his hands. A jerk on either line would fire a gun either to the west or south of the camp.

The Japs were still intently searching for the reports on manganese in the boxes of records. Filipe hoped that Mr. Baxter had regained consciousness by now and would be able to use his gun. He waited another long minute and then jerked with all his might on one of the long cords.

**A** LOUD report boomed out of the jungle to the west and a bullet tore through the leaves, burying itself in the ground in front of the Jap officer. He howled a command and the soldiers leaped up and made a dash for their rifles.

At that moment Mr. Baxter, Mr. Stratman and Mr. Buffington burst out of the hut like erupting volcanoes. They had guns in their

hands. Mr. Baxter socked the sentry over the head and he rolled unconscious on the ground. Then Mr. Baxter hollered, "Stop! Or we'll plug you in your tracks!"

The Japs weren't very brave without guns in their hands. They all stood still and put their hands in the air and hollered excitedly.

Filipe ran out to help his friends. Mr. Baxter grinned and said, "Nice goin', kid. You did a swell job. Give me that ball of cord. We'll tie these fellows up and turn them over to McArthur."

Filipe said, "There are two more of them at the boat, guarding it. They have heard those shots by now and they will be coming to see what happened."

"Thanks, kid." Mr. Baxter hollered some orders to the others. "Carry all you can and herd these guys back to the boat. Thank Heaven they didn't find our manganese reports."

They tied boxes and bags on the Japs' backs and then they started to march into the jungle toward the boat. They had just gotten into the edge of the jungle to the south when Filipe cried out, "Look out, Mr. Baxter! Those other Japs are coming!"

The Japs that had been left to guard the boat were running forward now. Mr. Baxter was in front and he fired his revolver at the leading Jap, and the yellow man toppled over. Then Mr. Baxter fired at the other Jap, but his revolver only made an empty click. The Jap raised his rifle to fire at Baxter, who leaped sideways. The Jap ran forward to get a better shot, but a loud report sounded in back of him and a puff of smoke sifted through the trees. The Jap stumbled forward with a bullet in his back.

Mr. Baxter ran forward quickly and found that the Jap had tripped over the cord tied to the trigger of the gun Filipe had tied to the tree to the south of the camp. His tripping over the cord had pulled the trigger and shot him. Mr. Baxter tied him up and took them all to the boat.

**T**HEY loaded their stuff into the boat, herded the bound Japs aboard, and towed it away toward Manila.

Mr. Baxter patted Filipe on the head. "Fil, I got to tell McArthur about you. One Filipino boy is worth a dozen Japs."

Filipe grinned. He was happy again. Why not? The dirty yellow Japs had stolen his father's land and killed him. These Japs wouldn't steal or kill any more. They'd be prisoners for the duration of the war.

THE END



# KRISKO and JASPER

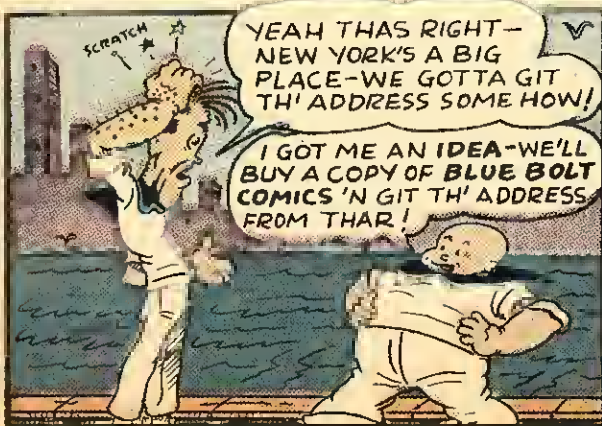
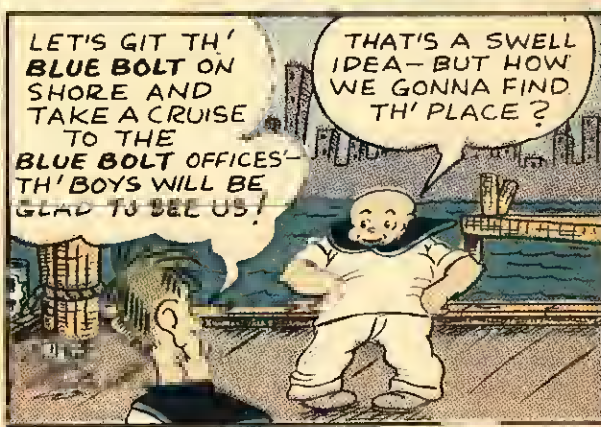
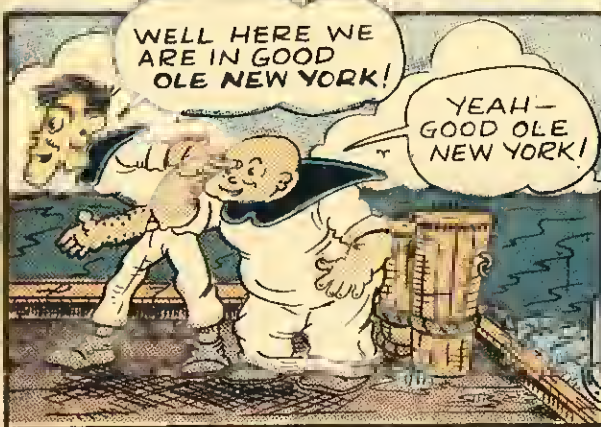
**A**FTER DROPPING THE SHANGHAIED ENSIGN AND HIS PAL AT PEARL HARBOR, OUR TWO HEROES PROCEED TO SAN FRANCISCO-- BUT ON THEIR WAY A TROPICAL STORM COMES UP WHICH BLOWS THEM OFF THEIR COURSE. THEY TAKE A CHANCE AND KEEP GOING-- UNTIL--

by MILT HAMMER

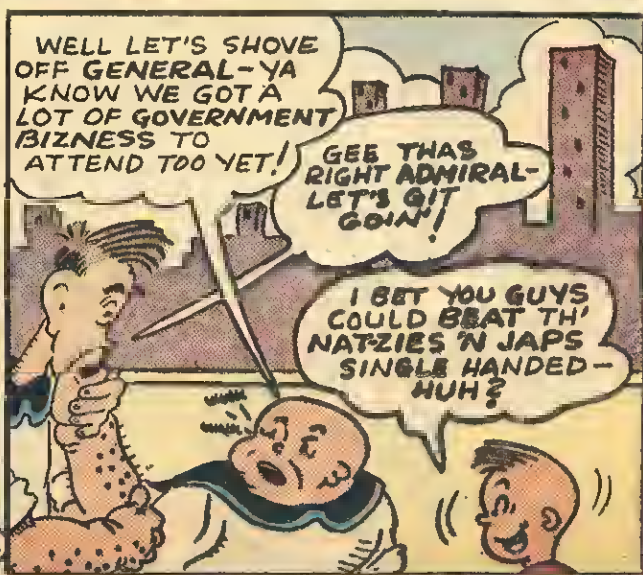
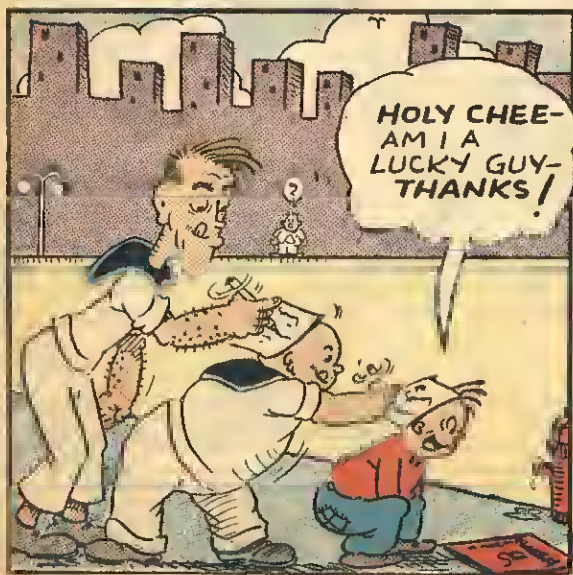
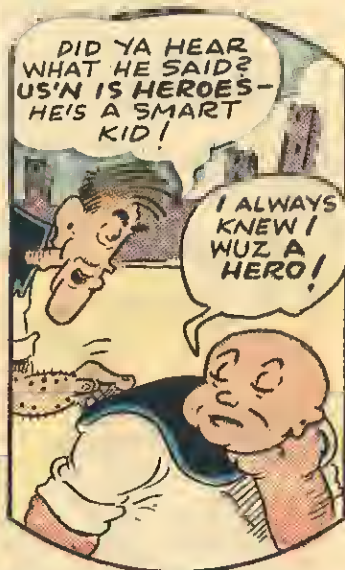
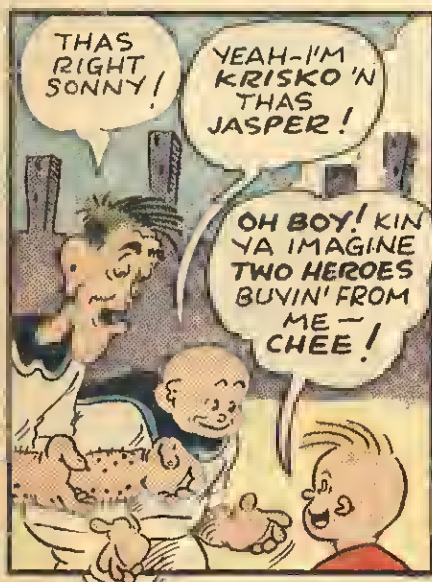
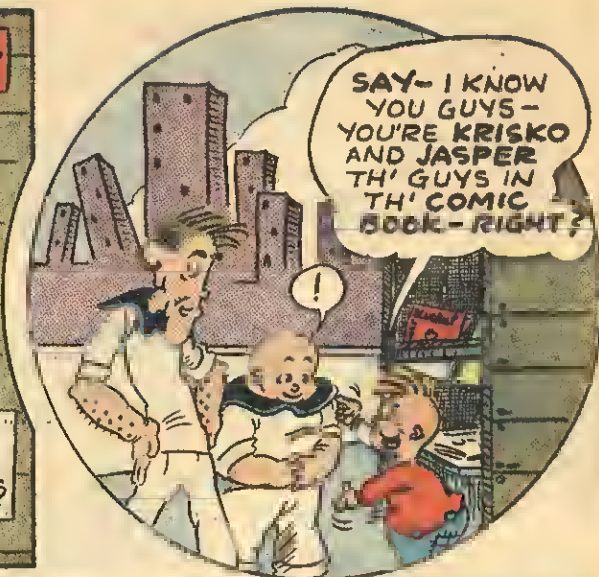
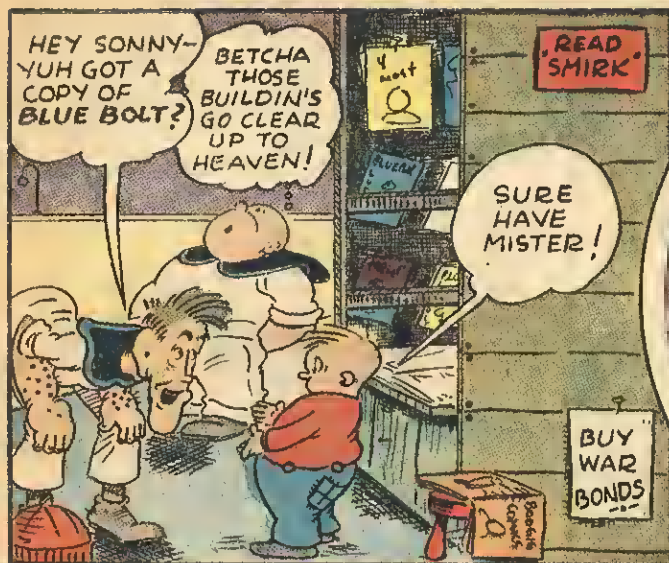
YOU'RE  
CRAZY!  
IT'S NEW YORK!

FRISCO!

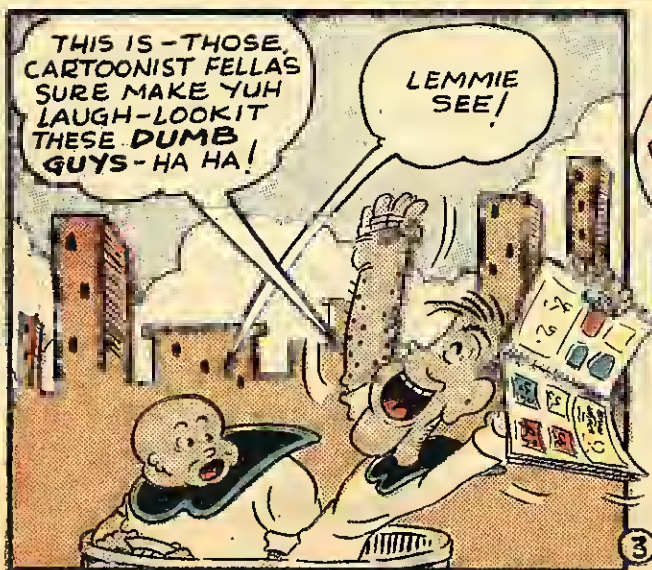
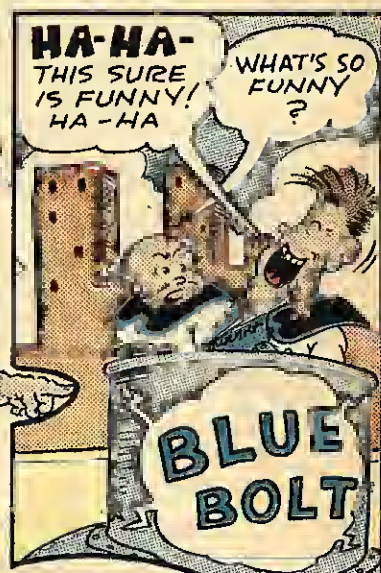
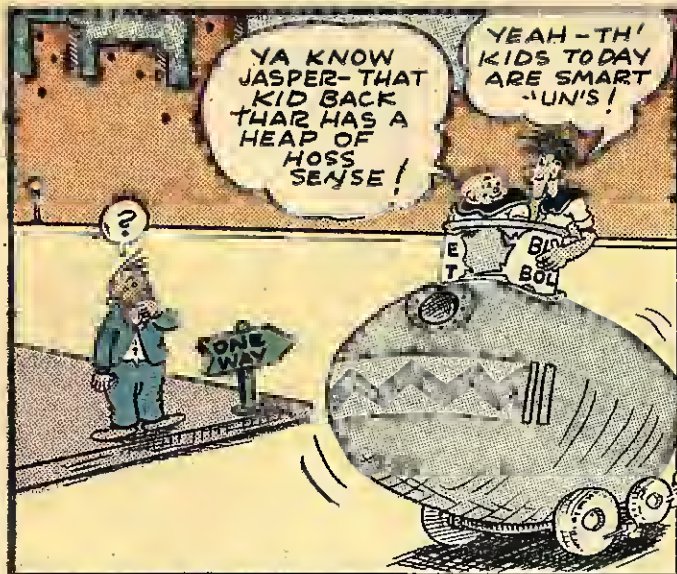
BLUE  
BOLT



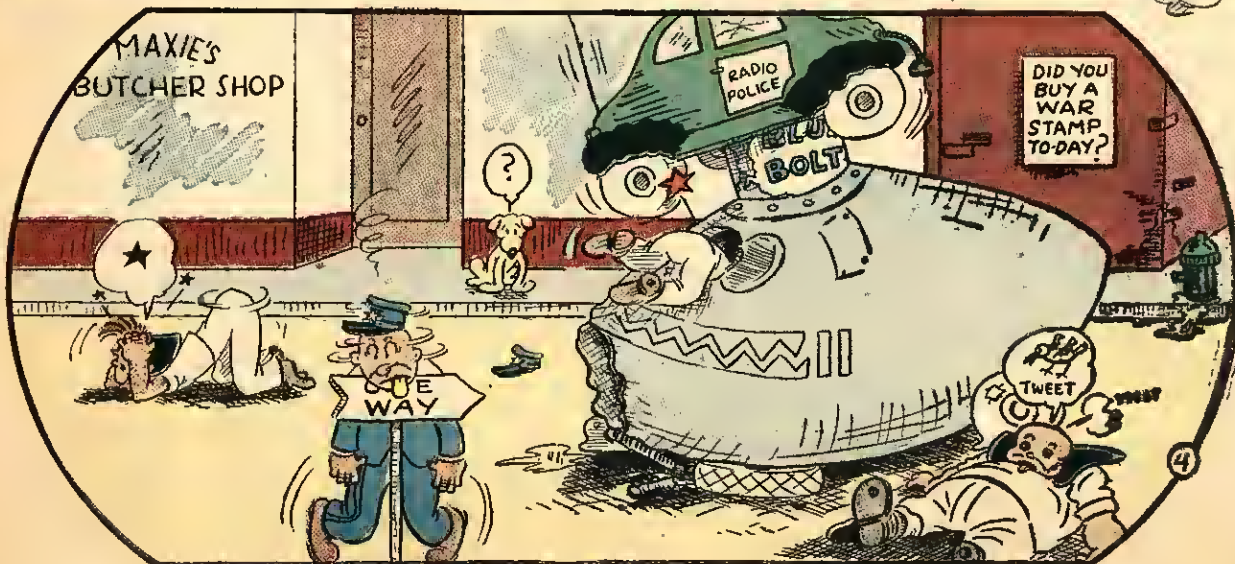
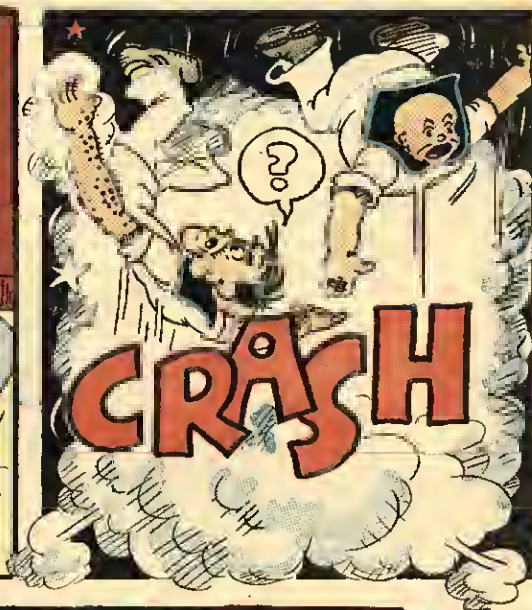
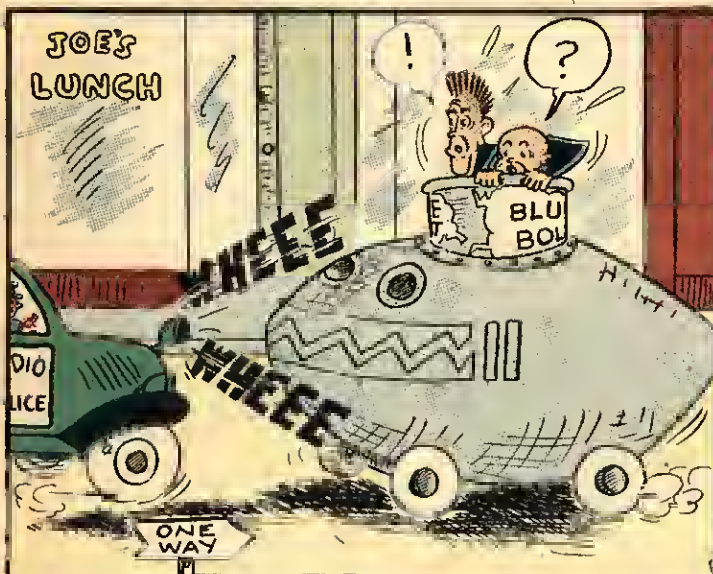
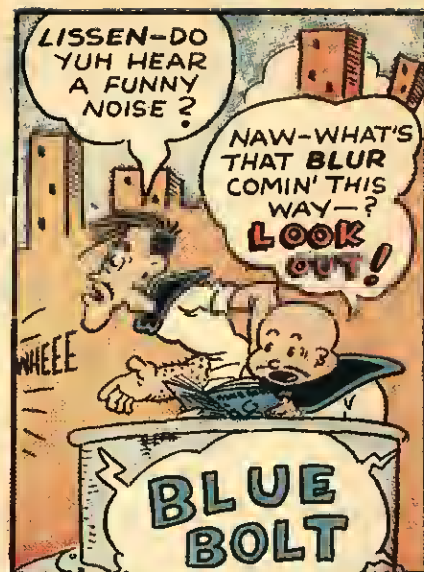
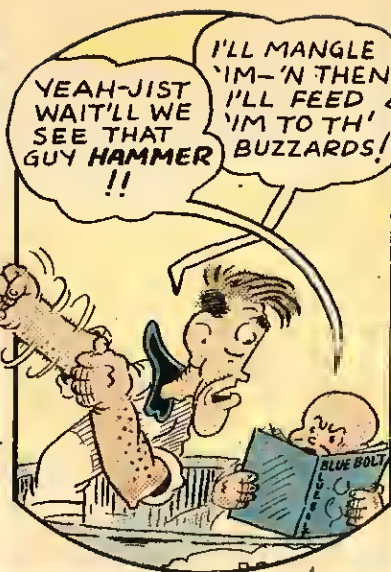




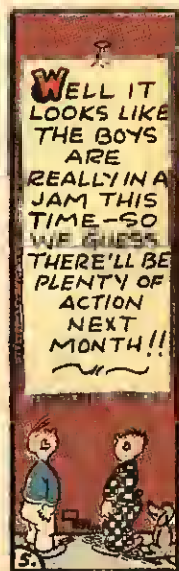
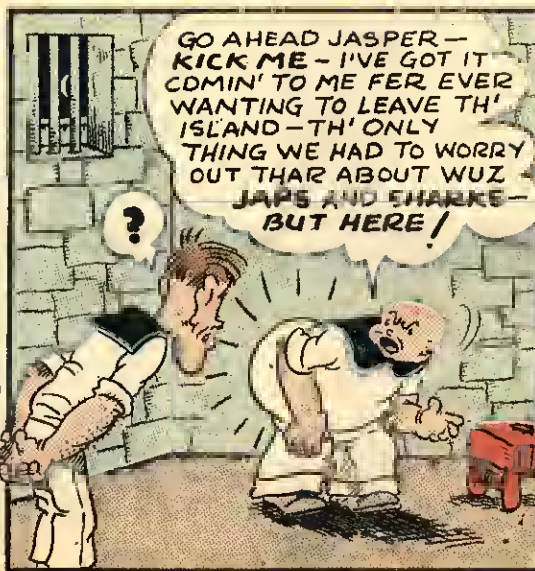
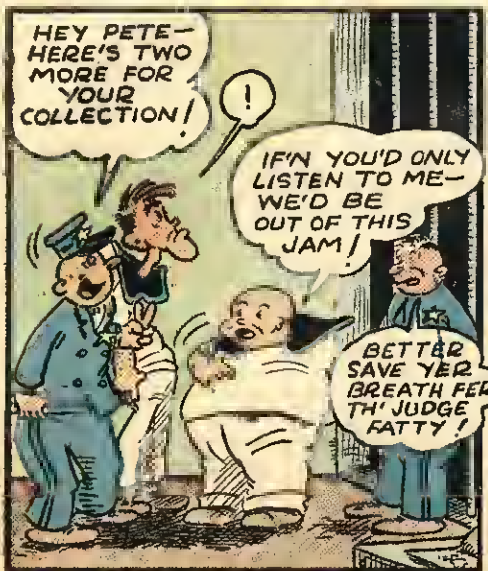
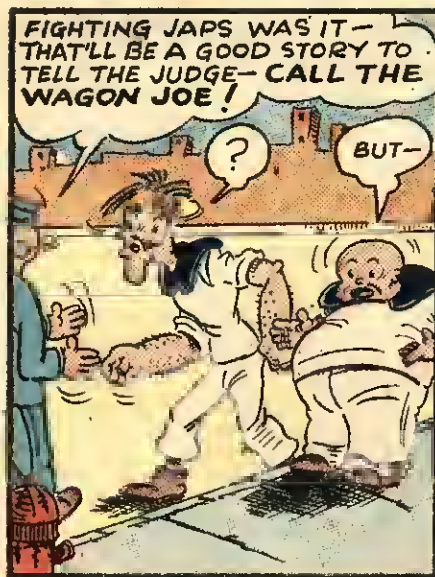
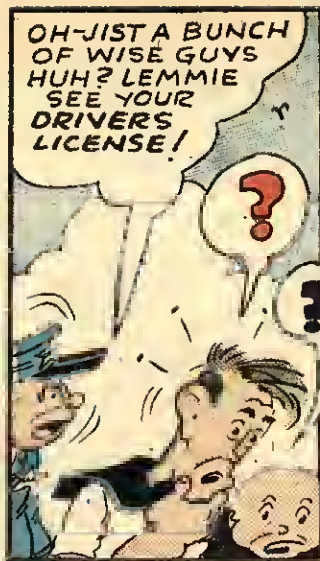














# BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN



**B** LUE BOLT PASSED ALL THE TESTS WHICH THE ARMY GAVE IN ITS SEARCH FOR THE MAN BEST QUALIFIED TO CAPTURE HITLER, ALTHOUGH HE HAD NO IDEA HE WAS BEING TESTED OR WHAT HIS NEXT ASSIGNMENT WOULD BE --

TH

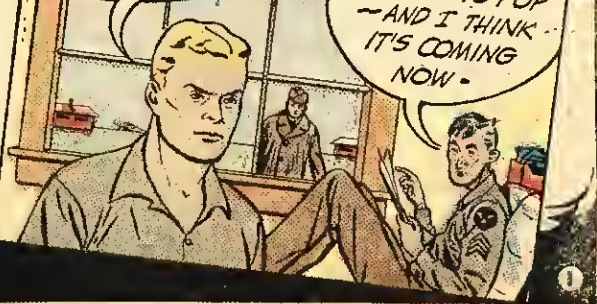
**P**ENTAGON BUILDING, WASHINGTON, D.C. --  
GENERAL, WE'RE READY TO CARRY OUT THE ORDERS OF CONGRESS. BLUE BOLT HAS BEEN CHOSEN AND DETAILS ARE COMPLETE.

GOOD, GET HIM STARTED AS SOON AS POSSIBLE.

**M**EANWHILE AT AN EASTERN AIR BASE, BLUE BOLT WAITS IT OUT WITH CHARLEY, HIS MECHANIC AND FRIEND.

WHAT A WAY TO FIGHT A WAR / THE ONLY ACTION I SEE IS IN THE MOVIES.

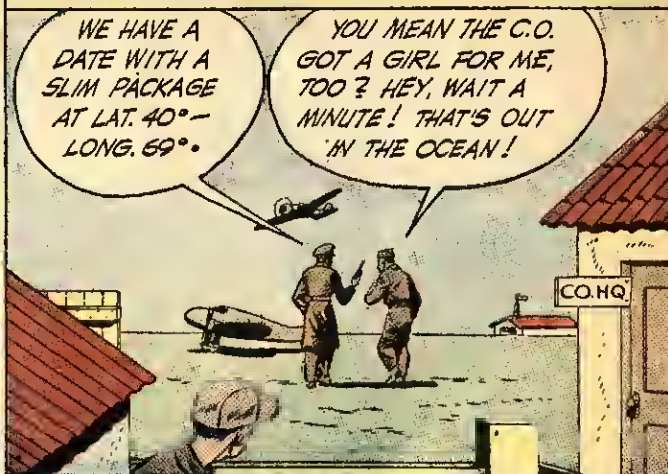
CAREFUL, SIR, EVERY TIME YOU FEEL THIS WAY SOMETHING STARTS TO POP -- AND I THINK IT'S COMING NOW.







**A**FTER HEARING AN UNREVEALING OUTLINE OF HIS NEW MISSION, BLUE BOLT IS ORDERED TO TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY UNDER SEALED ORDERS.

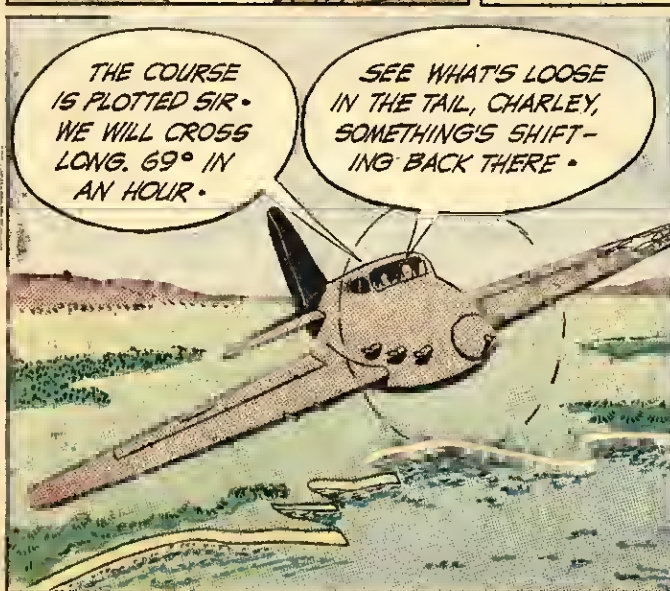
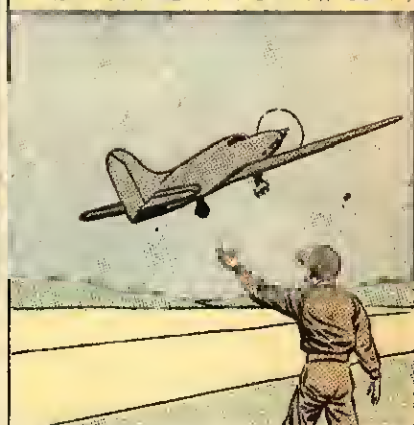


**B**LUE BOLT NEXT GETS THE LATEST WEATHER REPORTS.



**A**T THIS MOMENT A TRIM FIGURE SLIPS PAST THE GUARD AND STEALS INTO THE WAITING PLANE.

**F**INALLY THE SPECIAL SHIP SKIMS OVER THE RUNWAY. THEIR DESTINATION RESTS IN THE ENVELOPE WHICH CAN'T BE OPENED UNTIL THEY ARE FAR OUT AT SEA.







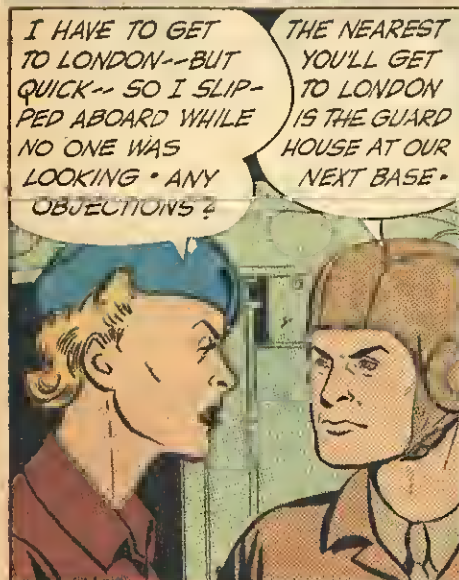
DON'T GET  
EXCITED,  
JUNIOR,  
WHERE'S THE  
BOSS ?

CREEPS!  
IT'S A  
GIRL!



AND NONE OTHER  
THAN MARG HESSLIN  
OF N-T NEWSPHOTOS •  
IS THIS THE QUICKEST  
WAY TO EUROPE ?

WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING  
ON THIS  
PLANE ?

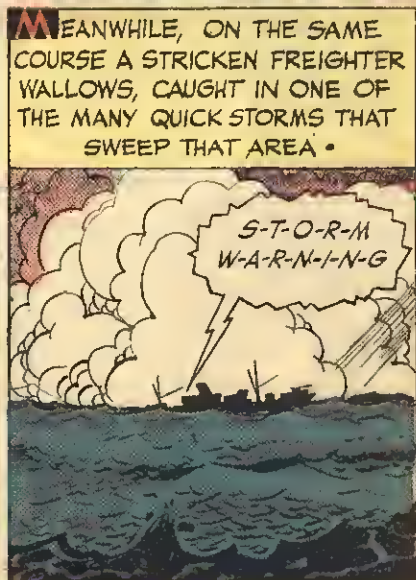


I HAVE TO GET  
TO LONDON--BUT  
QUICK-- SO I SLIP-  
PED ABOARD WHILE  
NO ONE WAS  
LOOKING • ANY  
OBJECTIONS ?

THE NEAREST  
YOU'LL GET  
TO LONDON  
IS THE GUARD  
HOUSE AT OUR  
NEXT BASE •



WE'LL SEE  
ABOUT THAT! EX-  
CUSE ME WHILE I  
TAKE A FEW SHOTS  
OF THE SCENERY •



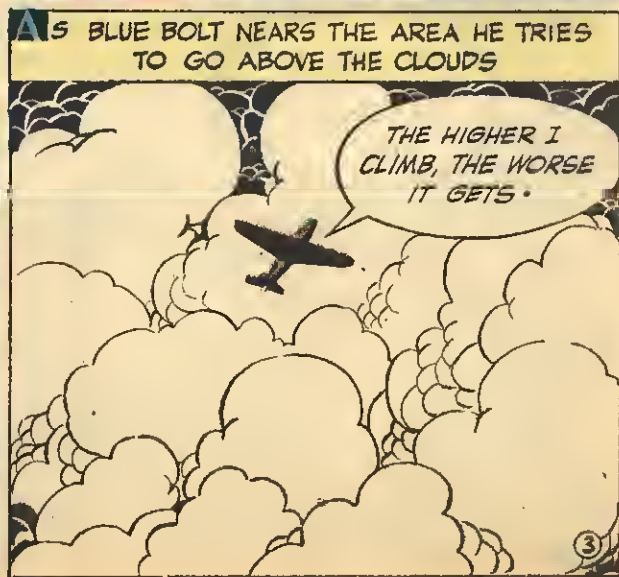
MEANWHILE, ON THE SAME  
COURSE A STRICKEN FREIGHTER  
WALLOWS, CAUGHT IN ONE OF  
THE MANY QUICK STORMS THAT  
SWEEP THAT AREA •

S-T-O-R-M  
W-A-R-N-I-N-G



S-T-O-R-M  
W-A-R-N-I-N-G

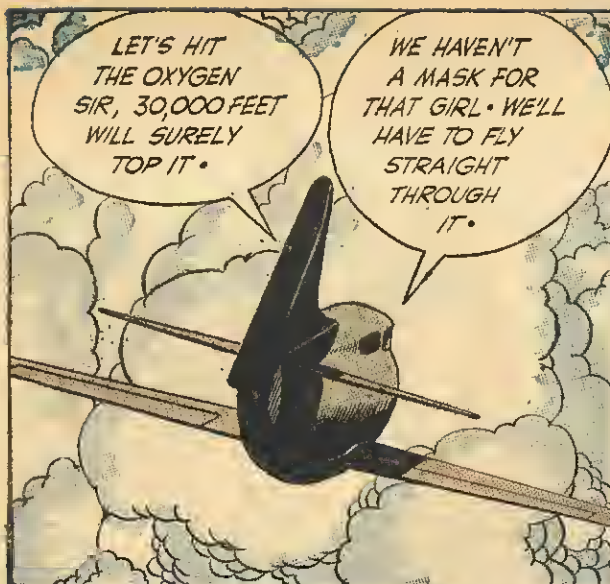
OH, OH,  
MORE  
TROUBLE •



AS BLUE BOLT NEARS THE AREA HE TRIES  
TO GO ABOVE THE CLOUDS

THE HIGHER I  
CLIMB, THE WORSE  
IT GETS •

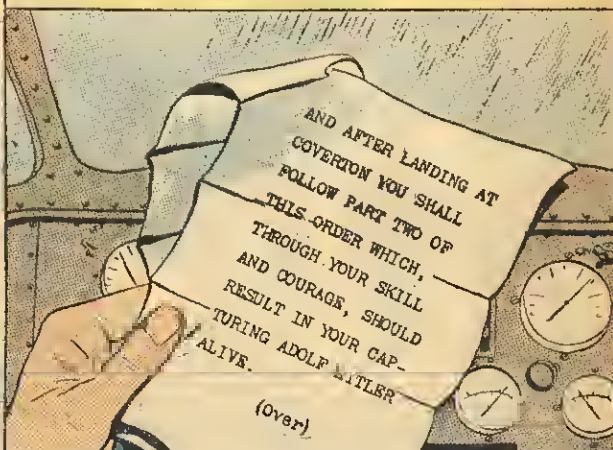




LET'S HIT  
THE OXYGEN  
SIR, 30,000 FEET  
WILL SURELY  
TOP IT.

WE HAVEN'T  
A MASK FOR  
THAT GIRL. WE'LL  
HAVE TO FLY  
STRAIGHT  
THROUGH  
IT.

**B**UT BY THIS TIME, THE PLANE REACHES THE APPOINTED LONGITUDE AND BLUE BOLT READS INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE BIGGEST ASSIGNMENT OF HIS LIFE.



AND AFTER LANDING AT  
COVERTON YOU SHALL  
FOLLOW PART TWO OF  
THIS ORDER WHICH,  
THROUGH YOUR SKILL  
AND COURAGE, SHOULD  
RESULT IN YOUR CAP-  
TURING ADOLF HITLER  
ALIVE.

(Over)



**ADOLF  
HITLER!**  
COME ON MOTOR!  
YOU'VE GOT TO  
MAKE IT.

**B**UT THE WINDS BEAT STRONGER AND THE PLANE IS TOSSED LIKE A SHEAF OF PAPER.



HERE  
PUT ON MY  
MASK; OUR  
ONLY HOPE  
IS TO CLIMB  
OVER IT.

BUT  
WHAT  
ABOUT  
YOU  
SIR?

WHAT  
DO YOU  
CARE,  
JUNIOR?  
IT'S HIS  
LIFE.



I'LL TAKE A  
CHANCE BUT I  
DON'T KNOW  
WHY!



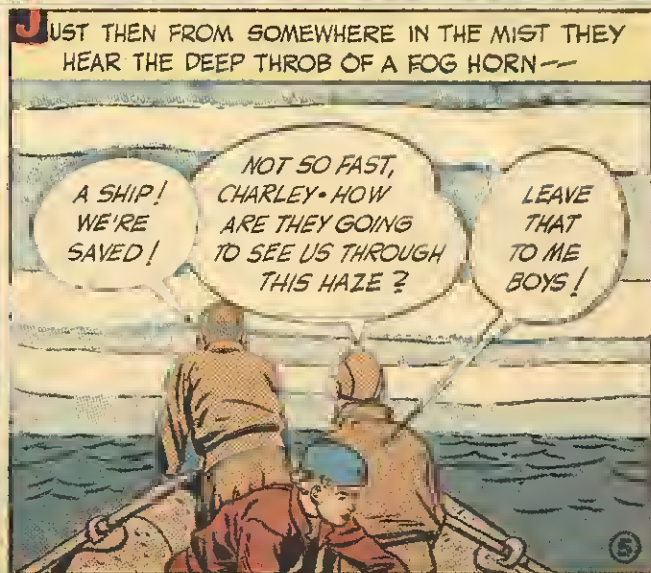
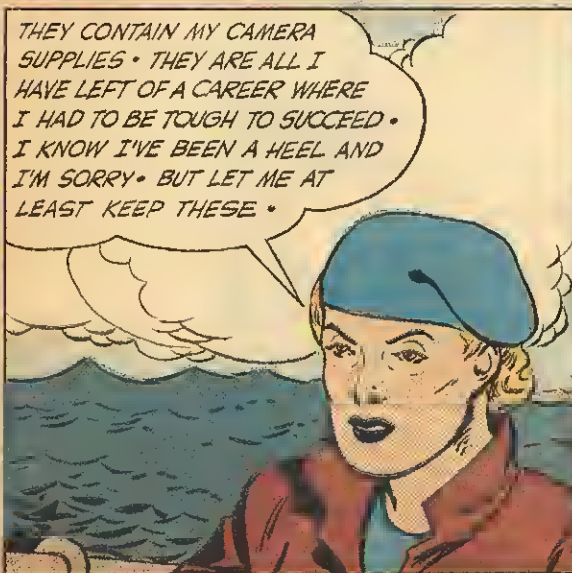
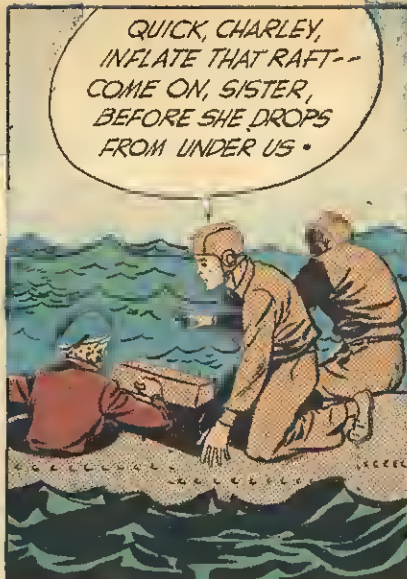
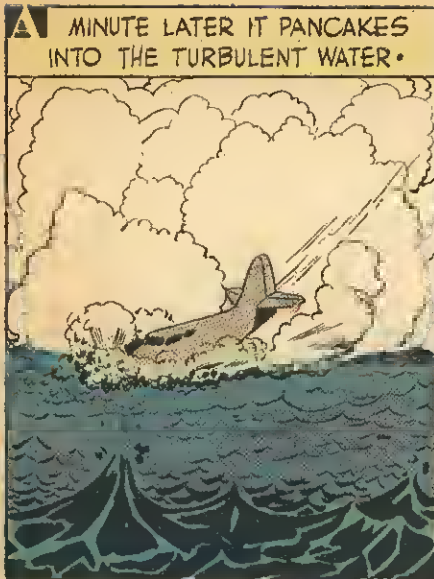
**2**0,000 FEET; 25,000 FEET  
AND STILL NOT OVER!

IT'S-- NO DICE--  
CAN'T STAND--  
ANY MORE!



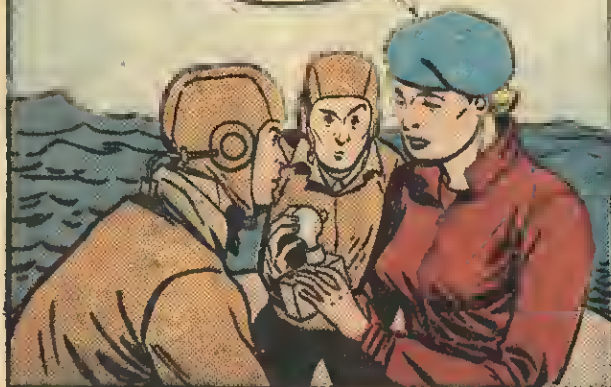
**B**UT THE HIGH ALTITUDE COVERS THE PLANE WITH ICE. THE DE-ICERS FAIL AND WITH A SHRIEK IT PLUNGES DOWN.



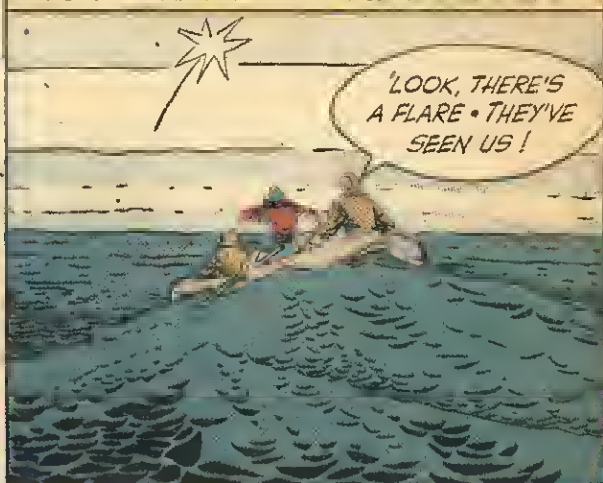




THESE FLASH BULBS  
MIGHT WORK BETTER  
THAN FLARES • GET  
THE OTHERS OUT  
OF THAT KIT •



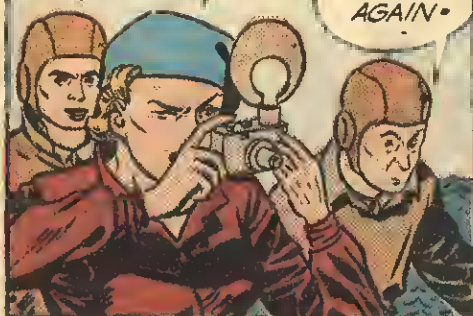
THE GIRL CLICKS HER CAMERA AS FAST AS  
SHE CAN PUT IN NEW BULBS • THE BLINDING  
FLASHES STAB INTO THE HAZE AND SUDDENLY--



HEY, YOU  
DON'T HAVE  
TO WASTE  
THEM •  
HERE SHE  
IS NOW •

WHO'S WASTING  
THEM ? I'M GETTING  
A BIGGER SCOOP  
THAN THE ONE I  
WAS AFTER •

SHE'S  
AT IT  
AGAIN •



FORTUNATELY IT'S AN AM-  
ERICAN FREIGHTER AND AFTER  
SOME HOT FOOD BLUE BOLT  
RADIOES HIS REPORT •



DISREGARD PREVIOUS ORDERS.  
THEY WERE CANCELLED AFTER  
YOU LEFT. PROCEED TO  
AUSTRALIA FOR FURTHER  
ORDERS...



WELL, AT LEAST I  
DIDN'T RUIN THE  
PLANS • MY ORDERS  
WERE DROPPED  
**BEFORE I**  
CRASHED •

OH, LIEUTENANT,  
I'VE JUST HEARD  
FROM MY COMPANY.  
THEY CAN HARDLY  
WAIT FOR PICTURES OF  
THE RESCUE AND THEY'VE  
ORDERED ME TO STAY  
ON THIS BOAT AND  
GO TO AUSTRALIA  
ON A NEW STORY •



AUSTRALIA! THAT'S  
WHERE WE'RE GOING •  
SOMETHING TELLS ME  
THERE'LL BE TIMES  
I'LL WISH I WAS  
NEVER RESCUED •

DITTO!



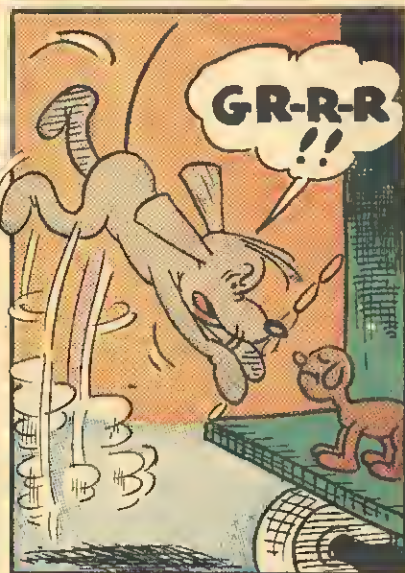
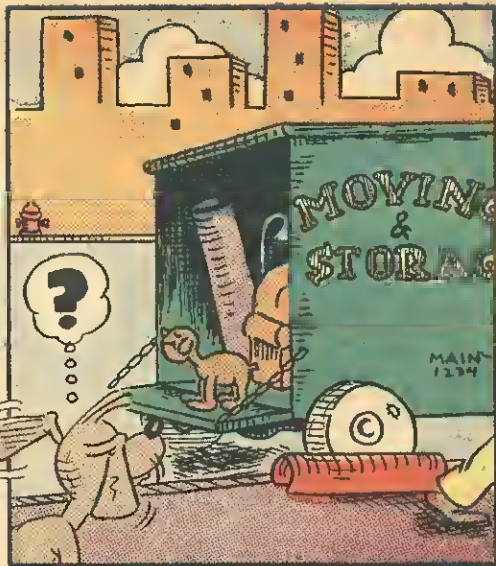
WE WON'T  
THOUGH •

NEXT  
MONTH  
BLUE BOLT,  
CHARLEY  
AND  
MARGE  
ARE AT IT  
AGAIN •

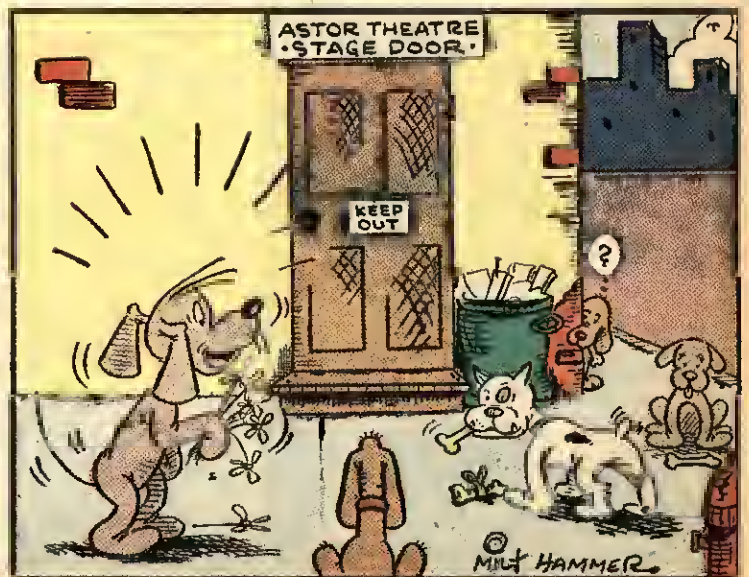
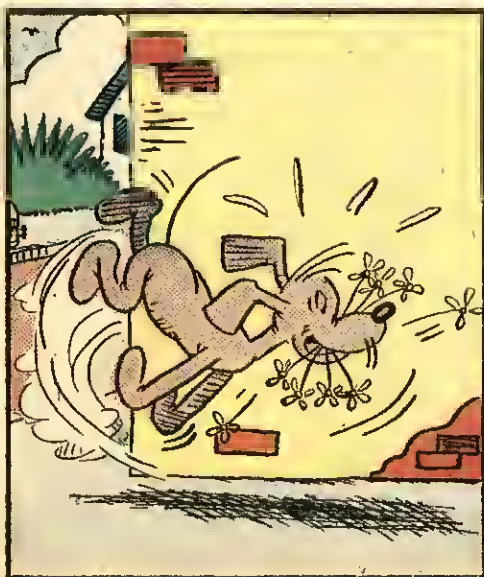
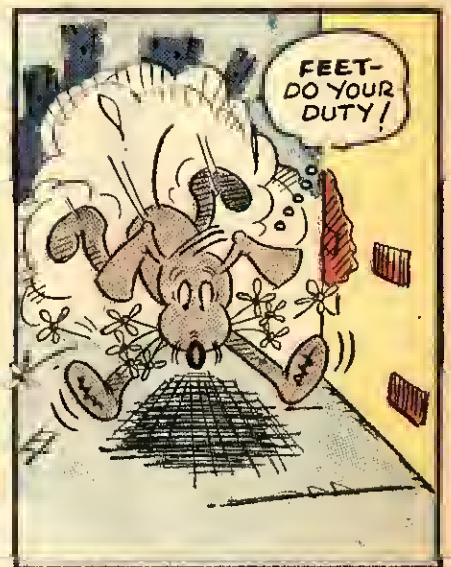
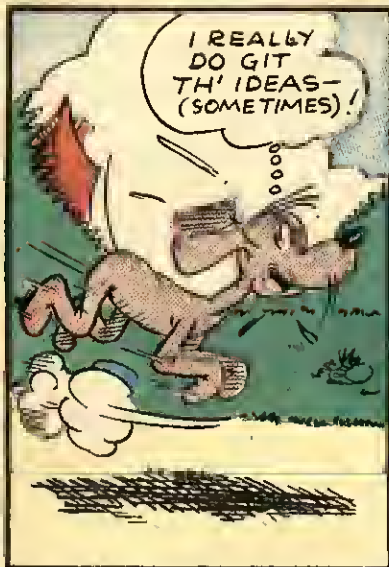
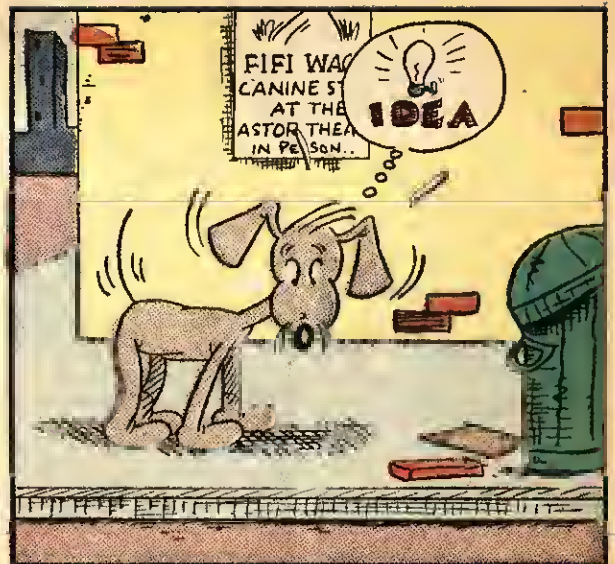
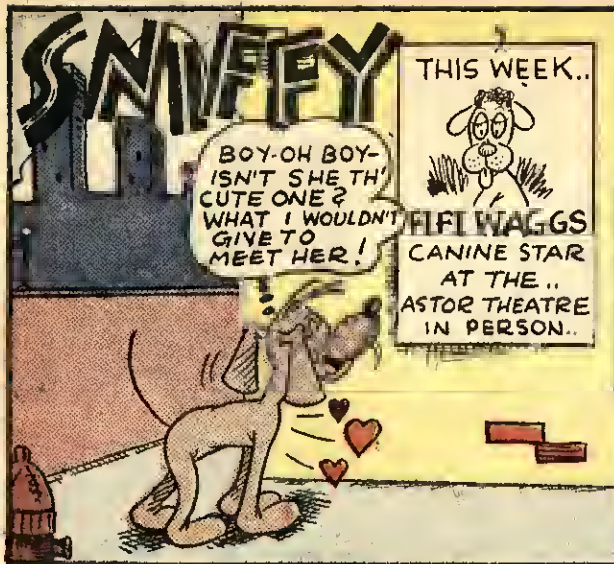
IT OUGHT TO  
BE GOOD

!

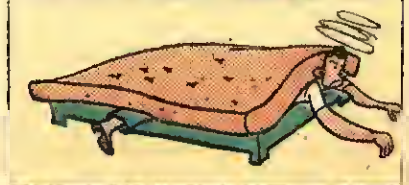
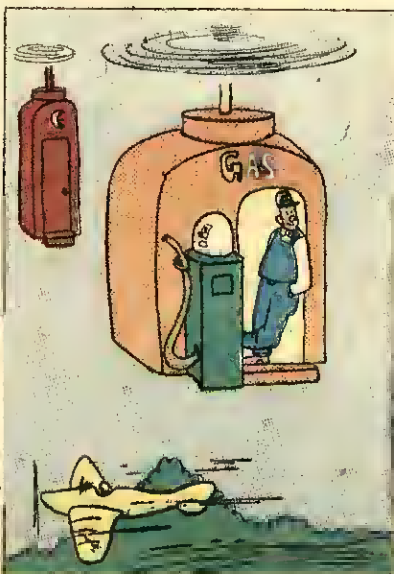
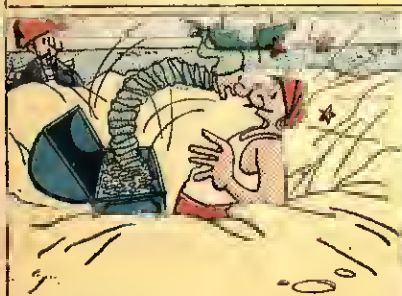
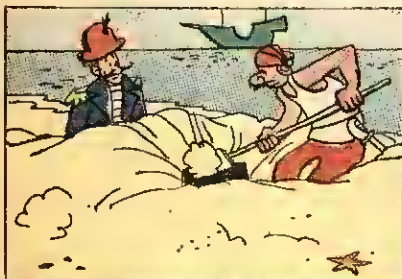




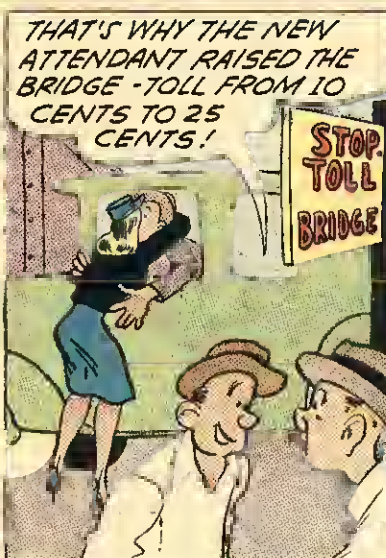














# TAKE YOUR PICK!



## BOYS

### EARN THESE PRIZES AND MAKE MONEY TOO

All you have to do is deliver Collier's Magazine to customers whom you obtain in your own neighborhood. It will not interfere with school or other activities. Just think—a few hours a week will net you a cash income of your own and any of the prizes you may choose from my PRIZE BOOK, which is poked from cover to cover with a super selection of items—a few of which are shown here. Start today by filling in the coupon which you can paste on a penny postcard—or if you prefer, just write to

MR. JIM THAYER DEPT. 20  
The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.  
Springfield, Ohio.

**Y**OU can earn PRIZES like MAGIC! It's fun! It's easy.

Take your pick of any of these prizes—the G-mon set for instance—it's the real McCoy—complete with inking pod, dusting powders and magnifying glass Or how about a flashlight, a watch or pen and pencil set? If you're a camper you'll get a real thrill out of owning the hand axe and knife. These can be yours for delivering Collier's Magazines. Mail the coupon and get started today.

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The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co.  
Springfield, Ohio

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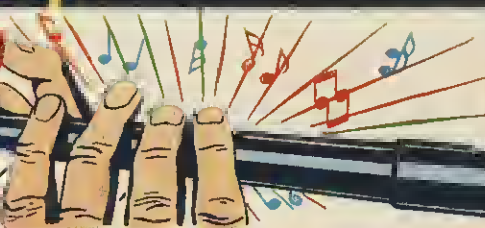
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_

(\*) If your city is so divided



# in 15 minutes-PLAY this CLARINET Harmonet

# FREE



**with this amazing offer!** Act at once and get in on this amazing offer. You who have always yearned to play the clarinet will get hours and hours of fun and unusual entertainment out of this CLARINET HARMONET. Get yours now and get the full benefit of the exceptional **FREE OFFER** made for a limited time only. With this sensational offer you only pay for the CLARINET HARMONET and we include many other features **FREE**. If you have ever heard the Kings of Jazz, up in front of their bands, playing the hottest and sweetest music in the world on their clarinets—if you have envied the magic of their notes, then this offer is made to help you. Read on and learn all about this offer.

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The amazing part of the CLARINET HARMONET is that it is a genuine musical instrument... yet, you can play it during the very first lesson even if you have had no previous musical knowledge. More surprising is the fun and popularity that will follow you when you play this CLARINET HARMONET. You will be sought everywhere and gain friends. You will find this musical instrument a tonic for happiness, a companion to while away time that now seems to hang heavy when you are alone... you'll play real music... real songs and you will play by ear or from notes. The CLARINET HARMONET is actually played and not hummed through, but it is so easy to master, you will be astonished. When you've mastered this instrument, you've learned the basic fingering of the Saxophone, Clarinet and Flute.

## JUST REMEMBER THE TWO WORDS "BAG" AND "FED"

—THAT EASY Sounds simple, doesn't it? and it is! We have worked out a course of instructions so simple that even if you never could read a note of music before, you will play the CLARINET HARMONET, correctly from music. With this copyrighted feature, you just remember two simple words, which are "BAG" and "FED". If you know the alphabet from A to G, or can count from 1 to 7, and we are sure you do, you can play the CLARINET HARMONET. You master the fingering of the holes by a simplified number system. Before you know it, your CLARINET HARMONET produces flute-like musical notes... all sharps and flats are playable so as to bring out professional-like musical melodies. Thousands of songs, including patriotic, popular or instrumental pieces can be played easily and quickly by following the simple fast-moving instructions. You begin your first lesson by playing the patriotic song "America," and after a few moments of learning the fingering you can go on from there playing any popular piece... we also show you how to mark songs for easy CLARINET HARMONET playing. Everything is included. It's light and portable. There is nothing else to buy but **ACT AT ONCE** because this offer is **LIMITED**.

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**ALL OF THIS  
INCLUDED—ONLY**

**\$1.98**

Here you will find listed all that is included with this amazing musical instrument value.

No. 1—You get a regular-sized CLARINET HARMONET

No. 2—In addition, you also receive a full instruction course. This course is written in easy-to-understand language. It is fast-moving and not in the least bit complicated. It helps you to play quickly and correctly in a professional-like manner.

No. 3—We also include 8 popular songs which will be marked by our arranger for instant CLARINET HARMONET playing. These songs sell for 35 cents a copy, making the 8 of them total a value of \$2.80. All in all, we are giving you over \$5.00 worth at the bargain price of \$1.98 plus postage, but you must **ACT AT ONCE** because this offer may be withdrawn.

**Send no  
money!**

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play well!**

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NOTE: If you reside outside of U.S.A. please send \$2.25 in American funds with order.